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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

SONNET.

If it should hap, I being summoned
hence

To an unknown and all too hazard-
ous bourne,

One should bring news charged with
this heavy sense,

*"He has gone farther and cannot
return";*

Waste not your day with weary "Why"
or "Whence"

At grief that my young years be
compted so.

I mourn not. Nor should you. My
recompense

Grows with the years and with them
yours shall grow.

For England's fairest, her most be-
loved lands,

Her watchful hills, her slumbrous trees
and streams,

Shall surely teach a heart that under-
stands

What depth and amplitude of noble
dreams

She gives, and how content into her
hands

I yield the little life without her
seems.

Robert Nichols, R.F.A.

The Saturday Review.

THE MAKER.

God made the country

Man made the town.

God clad the country

In a green gown.

Clad her in kirtle

Of the green silk.

God made the country

Of honey and milk.

Poor folk from Eden

Driven away,

God made the country

For a holiday.

God gave the country

A flower, a bird,

To comfort his children

For the flaming sword.

For easing and pleasing

He made a tree,

Many a sweet rivulet,

Dew and the bee.

God made the country,

Man made the town.

Is not God a maker

Of great renown?

Katharine Tynan.

TO THE HEROIC MILLION.

Zossima, speechless, dying, rose and
blest

His kneeling flock, the mundane men
of worth;

But to one youth he bowed him to
the earth,—

Mitya, whom now the frolic rogues
possest:

For light from some new life made
manifest

A sleeping sorrow in that soul of
mirth,

A travail and a sacramental birth,

A door flung open and a sudden Guest.

Ah, so dear sons of Britain, you that
cry

Gay on the march, "Are we down-
hearted? No!"

Your lives flung down lest Liberty
should die,—

Mirth crowns with majesty your sor-
row so

That I, grown old before the Teuton
woe,

Bow my gray head as when the Host
goes by.

Newman Howard.

The Athenæum.

DESIRE.

With Thee a moment! Then what
dreams have play!

Traditions of eternal toil arise,

Search for the high, austere and lonely
way

The Spirit moves in through eternities.

Ah, in the soul what memories arise!

And with what yearning inexpressible,

Rising from long forgetfulness I turn

To Thee, invisible, unrumored, still:

White for Thy whiteness all desires
burn.

Ah, with what longing once again I
turn!

A. E.

MR. BRYAN.

His fellow-countryman who described Mr. Bryan as "the greatest American since Barnum" did the ex-Secretary of State somewhat less than justice. It was the motto of that distinguished showman that the American people like to be humbugged. Mr. Bryan's simple and fervent mind would repudiate any such notion with horror. "Do you call that funny? I call it devilish," was Mr. Gladstone's reputed comment on some characteristic tale of Disraelian cynicism. Mr. Bryan would stand not less comprehensively aghast at the idea either that his fellow-citizens enjoyed being taken in, imposed upon, and wheedled into the acceptance of conscious shams, or that he was the man to indulge their idiosyncrasy. As a matter of fact, one of the first things to be said about Mr. Bryan is that he is impeccably sincere. It took the American people a long while to recognize this. The mildest and most common term applied to him from his first emergence into national notice in 1896 up to a very few years ago was that he was a charlatan. But in the sense of assuming virtues that he does not possess or of advocating opinions that he does not share, Mr. Bryan is not a charlatan at all and never has been. It is a failing absolutely foreign to his open and ingenuous nature. There can be no real approach to understanding him unless this truth is grasped, but grasping it, I agree, is not altogether easy. One reads over the prescriptions he has written out for the various ailments of the body politic, one wades through speech after speech of sloppy metaphysics in which the orator defies "the People," rediscovers all the estimable verities that most men are content to take for granted, and thumps the cushions of his pulpit with revivalist

ardor, and the conclusion seems irresistible that here is our old friend the political quack. Not at all, or not, that is, if quackery carries with it any implication of deliberate deception. Mr. Bryan believes in his panaceas. What would be a platitude in the mouth of another man of another order of mind is in his case the fruit of a sustained intellectual effort. Mr. Bryan after hard thinking arrives at an opinion or a point of view which strikes, and not unreasonably, a detached critic as being the quintessence of all that is callow and commonplace. But the detached critic is apt to forget that millions of men are treading Mr. Bryan's path, and by the unaided exertion of faculties identical with his are reaching the same conclusions. Their minds march with his, but he has the gift of expression and they have not. And another thing the detached critic is liable to forget is that the value of a given view is no index to the quantity of brain-power expended on forming it. It is presented to him, he takes one glance at it, and he recognizes on the spot either one of those incontrovertible axioms that lead nowhere and are beyond discussion or else some egregious fallacy as old as the hills. What he overlooks is that the propounder of these axioms and these fallacies may have evolved them only after intense meditation, is deeply convinced of their truth and originality, and has probably devoted to them an amount of mental toil proportionately as great as was ever lavished on the production of a genuine masterpiece. It is not charity but the merest justice to bear this well in mind when considering Mr. Bryan. People in general are much more ready to suspect a public man's character than to make allowance for a limited environment, a defective edu-

cation, and a natural insufficiency of intellect. When he puts forward a policy opposed to all human experience or contradicted by the most elementary facts of economics, they say to themselves that he cannot possibly believe in it and that he is trading on popular ignorance and gullibility. It is only later, and as a rule much later, that they come to see that it really represented his idea of statesmanship, and that wrong-headed views may coexist with an entire honesty of purpose and disposition. The American people have for some time since reached this stage in their judgment of Mr. Bryan. They no longer impugn his sincerity, but they do question his common sense.

Mr. Bryan's career has been so far typical of the United States as to be unimaginable outside of it. A man of six-and-thirty, whose active life had been divided between an Illinois farm, a law office in Lincoln, Nebraska, and four years in Congress, he was suddenly raised by an opportune speech delivered with incomparable art before an overwrought Convention to the leadership of the Democratic party. An American political Convention is at no time a scene of quiet reasoning and placid discussion. A thousand-odd delegates who have never worked together in their lives, few of whom are personally acquainted with a dozen of their colleagues outside their own State, meet ostensibly to perform the two most momentous and delicate duties that can fall to a political party—the selection of its candidates and the enunciation of its policy. That in itself is a situation with infinite possibilities. But their deliberations are not even made easier by being held *in camera*. On the contrary, for every delegate in the Convention building, which as a rule is especially erected for the occasion, there are always from ten to twenty spectators. The mag-

netic excitability of mere numbers closes the last hope of calm debate. In a hall crammed to the ceiling with from 20,000 to 30,000 people debate of any kind becomes, indeed, a farce. Every device, moreover, that can stimulate and intensify emotion is unsparingly utilized. The rival candidates for the nomination have each his own body of adherents who jump to their feet and yell when his name is presented to the Convention, and bear his picture round the hall in a screeching, half-delirious procession. When the balloting begins and the issue is close a sort of intoxication fills the air and fires the brain, and the final choice of the delegates is ratified by an excruciating pandemonium that makes the very plaster on the walls quiver. Such an assembly is as formidable an instrument to master and play upon as any orator could wish to face. And at that Convention in Chicago in 1896 the normal passion of all such gatherings was raised to fever-heat by profound political differences and an utter uncertainty as to what would be their outcome. Time and again it looked as though the meeting would break up in ungovernable riot. It would listen to no one, it would pay respect to no one; famous leaders of the party were as impotent to control it as though they were addressing a tornado. Suddenly there appeared on the platform Mr. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. Nobody knew him by sight, very few had even heard of him by name; he just stood there, smiling, handsome and serene, with a splendid consciousness of power.

As he confronted the twenty thousand yelling, cursing, shouting men before him they felt at once that indescribable, magnetic thrill which beasts and men alike experience in the presence of a master. Before a single word had been uttered by him the pandemonium sank to an inarticulate murmur, and when he began to speak

even this was hushed to the profoundest silence.

If the test of oratory be success, then the speech Mr. Bryan made on that occasion was one of the greatest ever delivered. The youth of the speaker, his buoyant and commanding presence, the rich voice that reached without an effort to the furthest limits of that vast hall, the terse lucidity of his language, and, above all, the fire of his contagious faith as he worked up to his peroration—"You shall not press down upon the brow of Labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"—combined with an effect that was wholly irresistible. On the following day he was nominated for the Presidency, and four months later six millions of his countrymen cast their votes on his behalf.

Bryanism was essentially a social protest. It was a sort of Chartist movement fighting under an economic banner. From time to time there arises in all self-governing countries a conviction that the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer, that never was Labor so overborne and oppressed, that close by, if one would only look for it, there lies a short cut to a saner world and a more equitable democracy. Bryanism was the expression of this conviction in the America of 1896; Mr. Bryan was its mouthpiece; and the short cut that was to lead to the new heaven on earth was the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Other people have followed as fantastic a star, but no people a more repulsive one. Even now one's gorge rises at the thought of the "parity of the metals" and all the rest of the nauseating jargon that inundated the United States. But there was a sound instinct at the root of this insurgent upthrust. Men felt, and felt justly, that things were not right. They were anything but right. The

era between the close of the Civil War and the dawn of the twentieth century may, indeed, easily come to be known in American history as the era when private and corporate interests most clearly predominated over the common weal. The Republicans had used their long lease of office to surround themselves with a labyrinth of capitalistic entrenchments. They stood in the amplest possible degree for the Toryism of plutocracy. They manipulated quite as a matter of course all social, industrial, and political legislation in the interests of the big corporations. The United States was a government of the people, by the Bosses, for the Trusts. Materially prosperous, the country was morally unsound. Slackness and corruption had eaten into the public services; politics became a branch of Wall Street finance; the railways and the great industrial companies maintained an army of political henchmen to further and protect their interests in nearly every elective body in the Union; the Senate in particular was a stronghold of logrollers in the service of the money power; scandals multiplied and were laughed at; prosperity threw for a time a delusive halo over the relations between Capital and Labor, relations that at bottom were unregulated by any reciprocity of sentiment or obligation, or indeed by anything but oppression on the one side, violence on the other, and greed on both; and the ethics, atmosphere, and practices of the mining camp and the Stock Exchange permeated the conduct of public and private business. Then came the crash of 1893, some years of bad trade and poor harvests, and a succession of ferocious labor troubles. The mortgaged farmers of the West and the hungry unemployed of the towns were in the mood for almost any solution that promised relief or for any expedient that seemed likely to rectify a lop-sided national growth

and to give the Have-nots a chance. It would take too long to explain how they arrived at the notion that the gold standard was the source of their afflictions, and that "Free Silver" would usher in an age of social and economic justice. Nor is it necessary. Under the guise of currency reform what was really being brought to a head was a deep and many-sided movement of revolt against the forces of Privilege.

For an orator in emotional sympathy with the cause he was pleading no opportunity could be greater, and Mr. Bryan was eminently qualified to make the most of it. An average undiluted Westerner, precisely on the same intellectual level as his neighbors, but gifted beyond any of them with eloquence, magnetism and self-confidence, he shared their unrest, he appreciated its intensity, and he set himself with superabundant fire to explain and communicate it to the rest of the country. His labors were herculean. In the course of the campaign he travelled some 30,000 miles and addressed in all, it was estimated, not less than 5,000,000 people, making not infrequently for a week on end as many as fifteen or twenty speeches a day. As an itinerant crusader he was thoroughly in his element. He had, and still has, the "car" habit. The promiscuous sociable life that springs up on an American train among passengers and conductors, the comings and goings and informal receptions, the stoppages here and there, and the ten minutes' rattling speech to the crowd, all this precisely suited him. He has a quiet bubbling affection for his fellow-men; he can never have too many of them around him; one can hardly conceive of him as alone and meditating; he would fade away like Lord Mellfont in Mr. Henry James's tale without an audience and a human background, and himself in the center

haranguing, shaking hands, beaming with unaffected freshness on each new nonentity who is presented to him. That is his *métier*, and a candidate in an American Presidential campaign could have no better one. It enabled Mr. Bryan in 1896 to put up a fight that must always rank among the most amazing in the annals of electioneering. Almost single-handed, with an insignificant campaign fund, his party split in two, he faced the incomparable organization of the Republicans and the resources of the money-power and gave them the fright of their lives. The West believed him to be little less than a second Messiah; the East poured upon him a stream of abuse only to be paralleled by the views of the average Ulsterman on Mr. Gladstone's character and policies, and the language in which those views found expression. All the drama and the dignities of the contest were on Mr. Bryan's side. He was scrupulously fair and even chivalrous to his opponents, who for their part lampooned and execrated him without measure or decency. He was beaten, and, I think, deservedly so. But he rendered a great, perhaps his only, service to his country by hammering it into the national consciousness that the social and industrial unrest was real and legitimate, that it could not be got rid of by satire or rebuke, and that while the forms of democracy were preserved, the reality was being perverted by the unholy alliance between the Boss and the millionaire, the Trusts and the Courts.

It is odd to turn back to-day to some of the writing of that time of hysteria. There is no more responsible paper in the United States than the *New York Tribune*. When the election was over and Mr. Bryan had gone down to defeat, the *Tribune* could still write of him as "the wretched, rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing

resounding rottenness," and of his programme as "a malicious conspiracy against the honor and integrity of the nation." It could still declare that Mr. Bryan was "only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld, the anarchist, and Debs, the revolutionist," that not one of his masters "was more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of that campaign against the Ten Commandments," and that "in deliberate wickedness and treason to the Republic" he was the rival of Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and Jefferson Davis. Such was the spirit of those insensate months, and such, too, the myopia which then and for several years afterwards clouded the vision of the American plutocracy. Mr. Bryan's overthrow was interpreted by the Bosses and the business "magnates" as a permission to do pretty nearly everything they pleased. Throughout Mr. McKinley's Presidency they exploited the country with a thoroughness and efficiency that wrought their own retribution. The fortune of events from the moment Mr. Roosevelt stepped into the White House began to turn Bryanwards. For the new President saw very clearly that unless the attitude and policies of the Republicans were changed the country would ultimately be split into a party of the Haves and a party of the Have-nots. Equally removed from the immobility of reaction and the intemperance of Radicalism, Mr. Roosevelt was alive to social and economic injustices and inequalities and a vigorous foe of Privilege; and in enforcing his ideas he borrowed one after the other most of the planks in the Chicago Platform of 1896. Bryanism, one might say, was Rooseveltism without a rudder; Rooseveltism was Bryanism made practicable. Mr. Bryan very largely made Mr. Roosevelt possible; Mr. Roosevelt retaliated by making Mr. Bryan superfluous. What the

defeated Democratic candidate had vainly advocated in 1896 and in 1900, the successful Republican President to a considerable extent wrote on the Statute Book and to a greater extent popularized in the minds of his countrymen between 1901 and 1908. That is why as one re-reads to-day the Chicago platform of 1896 there seems little of the smell of gunpowder about it. Most of its proposals, so fiercely denounced as incendiary and anarchistic when they first saw the light, are now among the commonplaces and the achieved realities of American politics. Mr. Bryan's onslaught upon the Trusts, his denunciation of "government by injunction," his demand for a lower tariff, for the imposition of an income-tax, and for the popular election of United States Senators; his criticism of the Courts; his advocacy of independence for the Filipinos, of the initiative and referendum, and of the establishment of a Department of Labor—nearly all these policies were re-echoed by Mr. Roosevelt and in great part have become accomplished facts. It might almost seem, indeed, as though Mr. Bryan were guilty of no worse crime than that of being a decade or so ahead of his time. It would at any rate be difficult to disprove him were he to claim the credit for having been the first to convey the Promethean spark and to smite the rock. The vast changes that have come over the spirit and personnel and purpose of American politics since the beginning of the century have been changes for which Mr. Bryan's pioneer work in no small degree prepared the path.

By the mere law of averages Mr. Bryan was bound to be right sometimes. No man could catch so naturally at the ideas around him without finding himself occasionally and as a rule unwittingly in possession of a sound one. No man could emit suggestions so incessantly without now and

then putting forward something that was really worth while. He has always had the faculty of diagnosing general conditions with a rough and ready accuracy. It is a faculty due almost wholly to the keenness of his sympathies and very little to the keenness of his perceptions. A "man of the people," exceedingly human and approachable, with a creed, or rather a temperament, that looks kindly on the underdog and with a mind almost phenomenally simple and impressionable, he was born to be a sounding-board of popular discontent and popular aspirations. But he has no scale by which to measure the value of the notions he absorbs from the atmosphere, nor any standards of knowledge or experience that will enable him to appraise their feasibility. Nature has all but denied him the critical sense. Ideas take root in his mind and unhesitatingly find an outlet in his speech by a process that seems devoid of intellectual effort; and he has little more power of discriminating between them than a gramophone. That does not, however, prevent his cleaving to them with a force of conviction that seems nicely proportioned to their wrong-headedness. In that sense Mr. Bryan is anything but a demagogue. Holding such opinions as he has picked up with the sincerity that is fundamental in his elementary nature, he never forsakes them when they happen to be unpopular or to threaten political defeat. Thus at the Democratic Convention of 1900, when the party leaders almost went on their knees to beg him to drop free silver, he insisted on its being incorporated in the platform. Again, in 1904, when his own followers turned against him, refused him the nomination, and attempted to reorganize the party from within, Mr. Bryan fought a losing battle inch by inch with reckless determination. Similarly, too, when he returned to America in 1906

after a tour round the world and found that the tide had swung round in his favor, he very nearly ruined his standing in the party by declaring in his first public speech for Government ownership of the trunk railways. The obverse side to the facility with which he assimilates ideas is the obstinacy with which he clings to them. It is with him something like a point of honor never to discard an opinion he has once adopted. There is vanity as well as faithfulness in the trait, a morbid rigidity of mind as well as a healthy self-confidence. So far from being a time-server, Mr. Bryan's career in politics has been marked with unusual independence. He has never taken orders but always issued them. During the period of his greatest influence he was not merely the leader of his party but its despot, and would accept no dictation, and very little advice, from campaign managers or the Press. He goes his own way firmly resolved to do the right thing, and not less assured that the right thing is whatever he is resolved to do.

The trouble is, as I have said, that the quality of his judgment is not such as to enable him to assess the worth of the ideas that take possession of his mind. He has never been grounded in fundamentals; he has no general basis of culture or education; he is a man almost without any mental weighing-scales. It is therefore a matter of chance if in the concrete affairs of statesmanship he happens to hit the mark. More often, of course, he misses it altogether. Confronted with a definite problem demanding an immediate solution, he is pretty sure to go astray. The remedies he has prescribed in the past twenty years are unique even in the bulging book of political quackery. Mr. Bryan can stir up questions, but he cannot find the right and pertinent answer to any one of them. He has sensitiveness, a gen-

erous heart, and a great fund of piety and idealism. But balance, knowledge, perspective, a distrust of empiricism, common sense—in all these attributes, which are the very stuff of statesmanship, he is egregiously deficient. He is never without a panacea of some kind. His untrained mind, bemused by shallow metaphysics, seeing large issues vaguely through a mist of rhetoric, is precisely of the kind that finds comfort in sonorous abstractions, detects a point of conscience in everything, and remains honestly unconscious of the complex play of life and government. He has no doubts; he admits no qualifications; for him there is no question that does not resolve itself into a matter of right and wrong. "A watering-pot of phrases" was Bismarck's description of such a man; and Mr. Bryan, I think, does undoubtedly extract more refreshment from the sound than from the meaning of words. Pitt's contemporaries used to say of him that he was not born but cast. One might say the same, though with a very different signification, of Mr. Bryan. As he was so he is. The faculty of growth is wanting in him. He is the Peter Pan of American politics. He has amassed innumerable experiences but no experience. He has travelled twice round the world in an effort to see things for himself. He saw everything but understood nothing. He started an untutored Western American, with all the ingenuousness of mind and nature that goes with the title, and a Western American he returned, leaving behind him a trail of wonderment that a man so compact of half-baked speciousness, so incapable of rising above the most elementary level of insight and comprehension, so dominated by the Sunday-school point of view, could really be a power in American politics. But the puzzle ceases to mystify when one remembers that the operative power in the public

life of the United States is what we in England should describe as lower middle-class opinion left pretty much to its own devices. Mr. Bryan is the product of his environment and peculiarly qualified for eminence in it. The common man with the common mind and the uncommon gift of speech and force of character must always be a power.

And of the reality of Mr. Bryan's power there can be no question. He is the only man in American history who has been thrice nominated for the Presidency after being twice defeated. Next to Mr. Roosevelt's his is probably still the greatest personal following in the country. The masses feel, as everybody who comes across him feels, the attractiveness of his character. They like the manfully smiling way in which he has borne himself under the test of successive defeats. They recognize in him a genuine democrat for whom distinctions of class have no more existence than art or literature, who really and sincerely enjoys being among his fellow-men, and who greets them with a heartiness that is absolutely unforced. His sincerity is to-day universally admitted, and Americans, though they distrust his capacities and would never think of installing him in the White House, are rather proud than otherwise to count him as a fellow-citizen. Over the masses he exerts the power and fascination of an intensely simple man, of unblemished character, whose piety is the driving power of his whole life. In this sophisticated land of ours there would be many people who would be somewhat less than enchanted to learn that a public favorite never swore, never touched a card, had never made a bet or smoked or tasted wine, and always said grace at every meal. But in the United States a man with this comprehensive absence of any habits makes by that very fact an immense

appeal. In Mr. Bryan's case the appeal is fortified by a transparent goodness and a high degree of physical virility. Nature really intended him not for politics but for preaching. Mr. Bryan himself seems of late years to have realized this. He is far more interested in religion than in problems of government and economics. A statesman he is not and never could have been, but his qualifications as a sort of public moralist to the American nation are many. From the moment of his first defeat in 1896 he began to capitalize his political prominence as a lecturer and a journalist. He started a weekly paper that was a success, and would have been an unusually profitable investment but for its proprietor's honorable scrupulosity in the matter of advertisements; and for the past decade and a half he has been indefatigable as a professional lecturer to the numberless semi-social, semi-religious, semi-educational societies that find their predestined home in the United States. The pulpit has engaged him more than the party platform, and there cannot be much doubt that the business of expounding and defending Christianity in a delightfully old-fashioned and unscientific way and of inculcating the simple homely lessons of justice, duty, and morality are more congenial to him than political discussion. One of his lectures, "The Prince of Peace," he must have delivered thousands of times all over the country, and the same audiences flock to hear it year after year with unabated enthusiasm. I have known him in New York preach for all but two hours on the text "Thou shalt not steal." No regular clergyman could have held his congregation with a sermon on such a theme for more than a fourth of the time. But when Mr. Bryan had finished eager questions were addressed to him from different parts of the hall, and an informal discussion began that

showed how deeply the orator had moved his audience. This sort of work has kept him in the public eye, has won for him innumerable friends and admirers, and has proved itself undoubtedly the sphere in which his talents can be most usefully employed.

The problem of Mr. Bryan was one of the first that President Wilson had to tackle. As by far the most prominent Democrat in the country, three times the candidate of the party for the Presidency, and one of the decisive influences that procured Mr. Wilson's nomination and election, Mr. Bryan's claim upon the new President was indisputable. The general impression throughout the United States was that in inviting him to become Secretary of State—the highest office in the gift of the President—Mr. Wilson had done the right, or at any rate the inevitable, thing. There was a good deal of curiosity to see how the rhetorician would bear his first experience of contact with big affairs; there was more than a little uneasiness lest his volatility and his peace-at-any-price views might place both himself and his country in some ludicrous predicaments; there was the quiet confidence of those behind the scenes that Mr. Wilson if necessary would be his own Secretary of State. Mr. Bryan, I need hardly say, came to his office determined to revive the Gladstonian tradition of regarding international disputes first of all from the ethical standpoint, a great believer in the possibility of substituting arbitration for war, and a vehement, almost a frenzied, foe of armaments, imperialism, and "dollar diplomacy." How far his views have dictated American policy in China, Mexico, and South America it is extremely difficult to determine. I should say that in these quarters of the world his opinions have been substantially in accord with those of the President, and that the responsibility for the somewhat erratic course

which the United States has steered in the Far East and among the Southern Republics must be shared between them. Mr. Bryan's solitary achievement "off his own bat" was the negotiation of arbitration treaties with a number of Governments, our own among them. They were just as excellent and as meaningless as such treaties can be. Given the spirit to act upon them—and it may be one of the effects of the present War to induce that spirit—they furnished as workable a method of ensuing peace as any that has yet been devised. It was, of course, characteristic of Mr. Bryan's limitations that he considered the machinery he set up to be the thing that mattered, and left out of account the thousand and one influences that determine the willingness or otherwise of a nation to use it. But when one remembers how many arbitration treaties have been wrecked on the rock of Senatorial suspicions and susceptibilities, Mr. Bryan deserves some credit for hitting upon a scheme that would be practicable if it could ever come into operation and that at the same time left the powers of the Senate intact. Otherwise his usefulness in the Cabinet was more patent in domestic than in foreign affairs. President Wilson came to Washington a stranger to Congress and its ways, and unknown to either the leaders or the rank and file of his own party. It was greatly to his advantage that he had by his side a man like Mr. Bryan who had served two terms in the national legislature, enjoyed a vast popularity and influence, and was able to serve the President somewhat as a Chief Whip serves a British Premier. Much of the work of distributing patronage, suggesting appointments, holding the party together, and smoothing the passage of the measures proposed by the Administration fell upon Mr. Bryan; and he discharged it loyally

and well, if also with something of the veteran's contempt for mere merit in his allotment of the spoils.

His conduct of his own office was such as might have been anticipated from the talker who was suddenly called upon to administer, and an unblemished Westerner who was required, or at least expected, to conform to the usages of diplomatic society. The affairs of the Department of State fell into a confusion that bespoke a chief otherwise occupied—occupied with "politics," with daily receptions, with long and unseemly lecturing tours. For Mr. Bryan saw no reason why he should abandon the platform merely because he had become Secretary of State. In the first ten months of his official career he travelled some 30,000 miles, lecturing on his favorite subjects, and appearing on the bills in company with Neapolitan Troubadours, Sears the Taffy Man, Lorenzo Zwickey, Ed. Amhurst Ott, and other enticing entertainers. When the Press and the public complained, Mr. Bryan entered into voluble details of his housekeeping expenses to make clear the impossibility of living on his official salary of 24000 a year. Publicity had become so indispensable to his self-satisfaction that he installed a cinematograph in his office so that his Western admirers might behold him in the very act of "transacting business with foreign diplomats." This also led to discussion, which in no way abated when it became known that Mr. Bryan at his official dinners to the members of the diplomatic corps served grape-juice instead of wine. Washington fairly rang with tales of Mr. Bryan's incompetence, slackness, and his manifold breaches of etiquette. Nobody in the United States seriously thought of him as the acting Secretary of State. It was assumed on all hands that Mr. Wilson took every matter of importance under his own charge. When

the Great War broke out Mr. Bryan lapsed still further into the background. Men of his stamp necessarily must when serious events are afoot. He signed the dispatches that were sent out from the Department of State, but he had little more to do with the wording of them. American policy was the President's policy, and such it remains. Everything that has happened since Mr. Bryan's resignation has only served to show that it was a personal far more than it was a political incident. The man of words shrivelled up when facts and realities could no longer be evaded and had to be faced. The ultra-Pacifist developed scruples when he saw peace endangered by the action of the United States Government in standing up to its opponent, and rejecting the advice of its Secretary of State to crawl and arbitrate. It could not be otherwise. And that is why it is beside the mark to dwell upon the absurdities of Mr. Bryan's attitude, upon his curious notion that his duty was not the preservation of the honor, dignity, and interests of the United States, but "the prevention or war," or upon the rhetorician's true lack of logic in signing the first Note to Germany, and then taking to flight when it became necessary not to augment but merely to repeat the demands

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made in it. If Mr. Bryan's resignation increased the risk of war between the United States and Germany, if it lessened the prospects of peace, if it indicated any break in the solidarity of American opinion, if it were likely to embarrass the President or weaken his hands, then it would be an episode of real moment. But it means none of these things; it will have none of these consequences. Mr. Bryan, as the result of views and a temperament peculiarly his own, has left the Cabinet. Nothing is affected thereby except his own reputation. The American people have watched him go, some with respect for the consistency that compelled him to resign, others with an unqualified sense of relief, the majority with indignation and something like contempt. He has been tested and he has been found out; it may be that as a political power his course is at an end. But as a public moralist and preacher he still survives. Chataqua and the pulpit will engage him once more, and so long as Mr. Bryan is able to mount a platform we shall doubtless continue to find him doing his accustomed turn immediately after the Neapolitan Troubadours, and immediately in front of Sears the Taffy Man, *Lorenzo Zwickey and Ed. Amhurst Ott.

Sydney Brooks.

EAST AND WEST: A NEW LINE OF CLEAVAGE.

With the aid of Western ideas the Far East is fast attaining a solidarity impossible under purely Oriental methods. The smug satisfaction expressed in the West at what is called the "modernization" of the East shows lack of wisdom or an ineffective grasp of the meaning of comparatively recent events in Japan, China, Eastern Siberia, and even in the Philippines. In years past the solidarity of the Far

East was largely in point of view, while in other matters the powerful nations of the West played the game according to their own rules. To-day the solidarity of mental outlook still maintains, while in addition there is rapidly coming about a solidarity of political and material interests which in time will reduce Western participation in Far Eastern affairs to that of a comparatively unimportant factor.

It might truly be said that this point is already reached, and that it only needs an application of the test to prove to the world that the Far East would resent important Western interference as an intolerable impertinence.

Such Western ideas and methods as have been adopted by Far Eastern peoples are those which will make them continually more self-contained, and assist them to a position where they can successfully maintain their own complete independence of Western control or even interest. The educational and medical work of the Christian missions has been accepted eagerly; the religious work slowly and almost universally with reservations. In no part of the world are people less bound together by religious belief or governed so little by religious creeds. Religion in the Far East is a school of philosophy, a state of mind, rather than a condition of faith. It is, therefore, less subject to change, or, in other words, more difficult to dislodge than would be an orthodox worship founded upon a clearly defined theological basis. The appeal of the Chinese Government to the Christian peoples of the world on religious grounds was a clever bit of politics and publicity on the part of those in power in Peking, calculated to assist in securing formal recognition of the present Chinese Government and the international loan needed to maintain that Government in power. It brought immediate response, as was hoped and expected, for it was an inspired bit of politics. That it meant more than this is impossible on the face of things, for to picture the present Chinese Government as an earnest band of orthodox Christians struggling for the dominance of their religious belief is beyond the imagination of anyone with real knowledge of the people, the conditions under which they live, or the men who now rule in Peking and throughout the provinces.

The same lack of cohesion through religion exists in Japan. It was only a short time ago that the Japanese Government brought together representatives of all religious beliefs in that country to determine whether or not it was possible to evolve a creed which could be officially adopted as the religion of the country. It even seriously considered adopting the Christian religion as that of the State, much in the same manner as it might have considered a change in the design of the flag, in the army organization, or the tariff laws. Nothing came of this move, but it is illustrative of the readiness on the part of those in power to take to themselves for their country anything they think will in any way add to their prestige abroad or assist in bringing the nation up to a point of equality with those of the West—a result most ardently desired.

China is not yet independent of the West, for the Peking Government is in sore straits for money, and money is not plentiful in the Far East. Japan would finance China if she could, for this would fit into the plan to conserve the wealth of China for Japanese profit. This plan will prevail in the end, but not as completely or as rapidly as Japanese ambitions would dictate. Even the pressing need for money, however, did not prevent China from haggling over the terms of a loan from the West, and recent events clearly show that such control as was agreed to be given the West in return for financial accommodation has not been handed over. Money was borrowed ostensibly for reconstruction work, and has been expended in paying off older debts and official salaries, and in suppressing revolutions and disturbances. Little or no progress has yet been made towards that regeneration of the country which was promised as a result of a "republican government" and a purse well filled from

the stores of sympathetic Western peoples. The serious error in Western thought and utterance concerning the China of to-day is the assumption that the China of yesterday has, by some hocus-pocus on the part of the revolutionists, been sent into retirement with the Manchu dynasty. No greater mistake could possibly be made in dealing with the Chinese or with Chinese affairs than to suppose any great change has come over the spirit of the country. The China of to-day is the China of yesterday and the day before, and the China of tomorrow will show little change in the heart of things. There has been a substitution of rulers at Peking, pledged to different things, but the only successes recorded of their administration have been accomplished along lines familiar to Chinese politics and government for many generations past.

The strength of the Chinese nation lies in its immutability, and not in its adaptability. Such modernization as has taken place has simply rendered this immutability more impregnable in that the threatened Western invasion can be resisted, or at least controlled more successfully, by the adoption of certain Western political ideas and methods than by the beating of tom-toms and the burning of paper prayers for the confusion of the "foreign devils."

The changes to take place in China will come slowly, and will be measured by the mileage of new railroads constructed. The doing away with treaty ports, the safety of the whole country to foreigners, the establishment of a national currency and banking system, the building up of strong and just local governments, a corruption-free administration in Peking, an effective fiscal system, a strong cohesive army and navy—these are things yet to come, and the road is long and full of obsta-

cles. In the meantime, the strength of character and singleness of purpose of the Chinese people is a guarantee of the continued immutability of the nation. It is an elusive quality, this strength of Chinese character, one difficult to define, yet deeply felt by every Westerner who associates with them. The Occidental who lives many years in China never makes much headway against it. In most cases he is swamped in the depths of Orientalism. In nearly every other country where the white race has established itself among an alien population it becomes the dominant force. The white men tower above their surroundings, and are the acknowledged superiors, in authority at least, of those about them. This is not the case in China, for the Chinese put their mark on the man who lives among them for any length of time, and resist most successfully the impress of the Western mind or influence upon themselves. The Occidental who lives many years in China makes his friends, and as he is, so will he be rated. Should he step without this circle of personal acquaintance, he is as much alone in the Chinese multitude as he who landed in the country the week before. To say that a people such as these have changed over-night is most egregious folly, and Western nations who deal with the Chinese Government and the Chinese people with that idea are but asking for disappointment and to be made ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

The struggle for existence is the single purpose of the Chinese, and it is a struggle the cruelty and terror of which are hard to realize. They are a peaceful people, intent upon their own ends. Ghastly disasters and a terrible mortality from natural causes have so cheapened life that it counts as nothing. The country itself is ugly and commonplace to the eye, and the life of the mass of the people is sordid to

an extreme. Away from the treaty ports, and out of sight of Peking, it matters not who rules the State. The work of the Chinese people is to get enough to eat, to weave on hand looms the nearly £200,000,000 worth of cloth, not imported or produced by Chinese mills, needed to clothe over four hundred million people. Great cities are lacking even in wagon-road communication with other communities. It is in these great centres of population that the mass of the people live. It is from the surrounding land that food is secured by scrupulously returning to the time-worn soil every ounce of refuse, animal and human, that its fertility may be kept at producing point. It was to a nation of hundreds of millions such as these that the American Secretary of State recently appealed for an expression of "public sentiment," and on their behalf the Peking Government addressed an appeal to Christian nations abroad on religious grounds.

There is one nation, however, that does understand China, and that is Japan. With a sympathetic mental outlook and an avowed purpose to grow great through the wealth and necessities of her vast neighbor, Japan has set herself the task of dominating the affairs of the Far East—or, in other words, to secure the best that is to be had in that part of the world for her own people. Tremendous progress has been made in this direction. The first step was to build and man a navy which would command all Far Eastern waters without question. This has been done. A modern army followed naturally. There was no need for the cultivation of a military spirit, for it was already there. To modernize tactics and equipment and train officers to modern warfare were merely matters of time and energy. The period in which it was accomplished was remarkably short, owing to the tremen-

dous industry shown in the work. Japan now has a force of a quarter of a million of trained regulars, fully officered and equipped and hardened for campaigns in countries which test the qualities and endurance of Western soldiers. The Japanese navy and army are concentrated at home, for, with the exception of Formosa, there is no call to send vessels or troops abroad. The Japanese troops in Korea and Manchuria are not a weakness to home defence, for they are not far away; and, what is even more significant, they are on the road, so to speak, towards the boundaries of the Japanese empire of the future, or any possible trouble which might occur with her neighbors. In other words, Japan is now armed and ready for any development in the near future.

The modernization of Japan then extended into her social, political, and industrial life, and especially the latter. Socially the habits of the people have not changed much, except where there is contact with foreigners, and even the Japanese Court still clings to the ways of "old Japan." The political system has been modernized to the extent that nearly all the defects and methods of corruption to be found in Western politics have been adopted. As the monarchy is absolute, however, legislation and office-holding, so far as effective government is concerned, is still controlled by the real governing power. The minority section is a scramble for place and spoils, and the bribery and corruption of Japanese elections and legislative doings is reminiscent of the "dark ages" in American politics, which prevailed before the introduction of the secret ballot and before the American people had their political housecleaning. Financially Japan has also modernized her system, and, as in the political sphere, has adopted some of the methods used by "high finance"

in the West to secure loans without strict regard to underlying securities. This modernization process has cost enormously. The national budgets have grown faster than the income of the nation warranted, but it is characteristic of Japanese ambitions and purpose that short cuts to a desired point possess no fears for Japanese financiers. Having attained her military and naval supremacy through expenditures the rapidity and size of which would stagger a much richer country, Japan is now engaged in the much more difficult task of building up her economic life to a like level—an undertaking that cannot be hurried to such a degree, for its growth depends more or less upon conditions beyond Japanese control.

Industrial conditions within Japan are not normal. Excessive import duties hamper trade and increase the cost of living; low wages encourage rebellion on the part of the workman; deficient productive power on the part of the individual worker makes it difficult to increase wages without destroying competitive power; and lack of home markets makes it impossible to construct large machinery with profit. The Japanese home trade is peculiar. The market calls for many things, but a limited quantity of each. The only industries which promise for the future are those that depend upon natural products at home, such as silk, or upon a foreign trade, which finds its only really profitable outlet in the Far East. Necessarily this Far Eastern market is limited in variety, and its demand is largely for staples, especially silk and cotton goods. Fortunately the labor to be had in Japan is especially adapted for the manufacture of such goods, and the Far Eastern market offers an unlimited field for exploitation.

In this case the Far East obviously spells China. Japanese goods find their

way to India, the Philippines, and elsewhere, but the substantial future of Japan lies in China, and her statesmen and industrial leaders not only know this, but are frank in their declarations of belief that the trade of China naturally belongs to Japan, and that the latter country is going to have it at any cost. Over thirty per cent of Japanese export is to China, or more than to any other country, and this export is largely of manufactured goods, therefore of more comparative value than the exports to other countries, a large percentage of which is raw or partly manufactured material. Only sixteen per cent of the Japanese imports come from China, the difference constituting a valuable source of gold supply, as Japan owes no money to China, and no balance of trade in China's favor is required therefore to pay interest and other charges, as is the case with the trade to the West.

It requires no process of deduction or argument to reach the conclusion that Japan, having failed to invade the West, has recognized her limitations, and is concentrating her energies upon the East; for her people are being constantly urged to this point of view by the leaders of Japanese public opinion. It was Baron Mackino, when Minister of Commerce, who said less than three years ago:—

"China has people, and population is what makes trade. No other country in the world offers so vast a field for trade. With the growth of education and the development of material progress, possibilities of commercial enterprise in China are simply unlimited. The anxiety of the Powers to enter into more and more intimate trade and political relations with China cannot but excite intense interest in Japan; for China is our nearest neighbor, our best customer; and our commercial and political relations with that country are superior to those of any other nation. It is therefore a matter of infinite importance what

course China takes in dealing with the numerous applicants for her patronage at this or any other time.

"It is true that Japan enjoys a profitable trade with many countries of the West. Our exports to America are of increasing volume and value; while the various nations of Europe welcome what we can supply; but this occidental trade at its best is difficult for us to handle with any satisfactory degree of achievement; for it is always more difficult to deal with highly developed commercial nations than with those less advanced in modern progress. Trade with peoples of lower social standards is always more easy and profitable. There was a time when Japan hoped to find her chief field of commercial enterprise in the West; but to-day the mind of Japan is all toward China as the commercial hope of our future, not to say anything of our geographical and racial advantages with that country.

"It is our ambition to be to the East what Great Britain is to the West. We have left no means untried in making a thorough investigation of the present conditions in China, so as to arrive at as accurate an estimate as possible of what is to be expected in the commercial relations of that country with Japan in the near future. The data obtained are vast, and will require a great deal of consideration. . . . In the matter of direct trade with China, the merchants of Japan enjoy a considerable advantage, as they are more familiar with the language and customs of China than their foreign contemporaries. . . .

"Now is the time to explore China commercially; and any demand we create now for useful articles will in all likelihood become permanent. . . . It is not too much to say that a great part of our hope for future financial rehabilitation in Japan depends upon how we can further develop trade with China. In this matter we cannot afford to be beaten by our foreign competitors; for the very welfare of the nation depends upon it. I would have all Japanese regard it as the foundation of our national prosperity. Should

we lose China as a customer, it would mean the ruin of our commercial prospects."

It is necessary to take the trade situation into serious account in any estimate of the present or future status of Far Eastern affairs, for upon it hinges independence or dependence in future relations with the industrial nations of the West. The inspiration in the Japanese expansion movement is economic rather than political. Her population is threatened with overcrowding; work for the people is a necessity; emigration to desirable countries is practically prohibited by foreign antagonisms; money must be had to carry the enormous burdens imposed by her present national policies, as there can come an end to borrowing.

The Japanese nation stands to-day in the position of a gambler who stakes his all upon a single throw, or that of a venturesome firm which is feverishly doing a big business upon small or borrowed capital, hoping and expecting that the profits of the concern may bring everything right in the end. The present conduct of Japanese national finance is a juggling feat in which "the hand is quicker than the eye," for few of even the best informed in Japan can tell the inquirer just where the national cash balance is to be found at the moment, or how much it amounts to. The fact that the movement for an expansion of Japanese power to such a degree as to dominate the Far East is founded upon economic necessities and ambitions, is guarantee of its sincerity, permanence, and its successful outcome. Political policies change with new Governments. Schemes for political aggrandizement often fall of their own weight or are defeated through rebellion within the citadel. Here, however, we have a nation with a purpose, in the success of which not only is every tradition of race and every phase of national ambition concerned,

but one upon which is staked the material welfare of every family, man, woman, and child. No divergence of political views, no conflict of selfish interests, no criticism of men or methods, will weaken the progress of a cause in which the nation is enthusiastically enlisted to the very last citizen.

The first real move towards a greater Japan was the war with Russia. The world has not yet recovered from its surprise at the outcome of that war. The process of modernization had been in effect some time, and this war disclosed the progress that had been made. Korea had become an integral part of Japanese territory. The war added a Japanese sphere of influence extending into Manchuria and Mongolia, which has since so impressed itself as to defy contraction. The United States Government, through Mr. Knox, then Secretary of State, proposed the internationalization of the Manchurian railway, and Russia and Japan, promptly rejecting the proposal, came together in strong agreement to apportion that section of the Far East between themselves, to the exclusion of all Western interference.

In fear of war with the United States, and for financial reasons, Japan then allied herself to Great Britain. The immediate practical benefit of this alliance to Japan was the readier sale of Japanese bonds. The immediate practical benefit to England, as it turned out, was the restriction it enabled her to impose upon Japanese ambitions in China, although originally it was made to ensure naval co-operation in Far Eastern waters, an object splendidly attained in November, 1914. When England, nervous as to possible complications with the United States, so emasculated the treaty as to safeguard against such a deplorable event, the Japanese shrugged their shoulders, and for financial reasons talked abroad of the treaty with Eng-

land as still being "the foundation stone of Japanese foreign policy," and pursued their own way, which, it may be stated, is not the way the foreign traders of England would prefer. The Japanese realized the disadvantages of this alliance with a Western Power, when, after a Cabinet meeting in Tokio during the recent Chinese revolution, it was practically decided to move a division of the Japanese army to Manchuria, and English diplomacy stayed their hand in the belief that it undoubtedly meant the permanent occupation of Chinese territory. Many Japanese have believed that such benefits as may have been derived from the Anglo-Japanese treaty were then and there more than nullified by the check administered to Japanese activities on the mainland. The recent Japanese occupation of Tsing-Tau with English consent may, however, reconcile these Japanese statesmen to English influence. The story is told of a dinner given in Korea several years ago which was presided over by a great Japanese statesman now departed this life, who in his speech to the assembled guests pictured the Japan of the future with a capital at Mukden and a subsidiary capital at Tokio—or, in other words, a Japanese Continental Power. It requires no stretch of the imagination to believe this to be the ultimate ambition of Japanese statesmen, or that it is a possibility of the future, for the trend of events is moving rapidly in that direction.

The only hindrance that can come to Japan in her triumphal career as dictator of the Far East is from China. Should that country ever attain the status of a strong and well-knit nation, with an army and navy commensurate with her territorial greatness, her wealth, and her population, Japan would again be driven back to the sea and compelled to find refuge in her restricted island empire. It is a far cry

from present conditions in China to those which would make such a thing possible, and to assist China to attain her full strength is not a part of Japanese policy.

In the meantime, Japan progresses apace towards the goal of her ambition. Long ago her statesmen abandoned all thoughts of the Philippines, for they had proved unfavorable to Japanese settlement. Experience in Formosa has not been such as to encourage further attempts at colonization towards the south. There is no thought of real war with the United States, for there is too little to be gained. Everything points to a plain path for the future, the farming of China territorially and for commercial gain. It is a natural and logical outlet for Japanese energies, and no country is better fitted for this campaign. There are a hundred thousand Japanese now resident in China. They speak the language, adopt the manners and customs of the Chinese, and cater to their wants with a shrewdness and completeness unknown to traders of other nationalities. They are not popular in China, but that is not a new experience for them. The Far East is a land where success does not hinge necessarily upon personal popularity. Korea is ruled not by assimilation, but by the stern hand of oppression and extermination. It is being developed not through co-operation with the Koreans, but by the substitution of Japanese.

The Japanese had quite enough of the rule of kindness in their first experience in Formosa, and it is only since the military was given free hand that quiet has been maintained in the settled portions of that island. After the war with China, the Japanese asked the cession of Formosa. Li Hung Chang could not be convinced that the victors were really in earnest in this request. When he found they were, he promptly gave it to them; and when

the Japanese came to deal with the population of that province, they realized why the Chinese statesman had been surprised. The use of ordinary Government methods at the beginning cost them dear, but with characteristic tenacity they held on; and having driven the most dangerous element into one section of the island and built a wire fence across as a dead-line, they now devote their energies to the prevention of excursions from beyond and the development of the territory under control.

Every experience Japan has had has taught a most convincing lesson to the effect that her destiny lies at her own doors, and not far afield. Her people can always dispose of their raw and partly manufactured material to Western nations, because the latter must have it. In Japan, however, the productive area of land is limited, and industrial employment and profit upon manufactured goods are needed, or the country cannot go on, to say nothing of securing a necessary national revenue. Export trade in fully manufactured goods in competition with Western nations has serious limitations in its prospects for expansion. In fact, as acknowledged by Baron Mackino, it is a failure. As he also says, the Japanese at one time, in the first flush of their industrial modernization, had high hopes of invading the West. The cost of Japanese production was low, and Japanese ingenuity and adaptability could be relied upon to keep pace with the necessities and inventions of modern industry. This idea was stimulated in the minds of the Japanese people by the senseless panic which found expression in the West over the prospect of an Eastern invasion of Western markets. They recognized the inevitable, however, before it was understood in the West, and turned their serious attentions elsewhere. Lack of raw material, the cost of the long haul,

and inferiority of product left them no ground for successful competition with Western labor and material. In China and throughout the Far East, however, they saw their opportunity, and seized it. Cheapness of quality was no detriment to trade in a country where it takes five hundred pieces of money to equal an English shilling in value, and here the Orient meets the Orient at the bargain counter, each understanding and appreciating the other's ways of doing business. As Baron Mackino says, the Japanese found that "trade with peoples of lower social standards is always more easy and profitable," and their success in the Far East up to the present time justified the conclusion they have reached so quickly through a comparatively brief experience of export on a large scale.

Few peoples so speedily adapt themselves to the line of least resistance as do the Japanese, and it is evident this quality in their character is national as well as individual. New industries or new adventures which promise employment for local labor and revenue for the Government are heartily welcomed in Japan at this time. Agencies for foreign business are not looked upon with favor, and are discriminated against when possible. The one serious purpose is to build a nation up from an economic point of view—that is, to employ the people, develop every possibility of the land, increase foreign trade, and incidentally through these means to increase the sum raised by taxation. The direct tax levied against the citizen of modest means has probably reached the high-water mark of possibility. Expressed in figures it does not sound so appalling, but when the earning power of the individual worker, the cost of living, and the scarcity of money are taken into consideration, it is probably as high, or higher, than in any other community in the world.

There is a vast self-confidence and optimism in the Japanese character which expresses itself nationally. The people are temperamental. The number of suicides is greater than elsewhere, but the causes of self-destruction are not so germane to material conditions as in other countries. The ambition of Japan to become to the Far East what England is to the West is a broad generalization that needs definition to be fully understood. The only real point of similarity is in the direction of comparative strength. England is the strongest country in the West, and Japan is now the strongest in the East. England's strength, however, is for the defensive. She can presumably defend herself against any attack from one or more of her neighbors, and her people are satisfied to maintain this *status quo*. Also, England does not assume to direct the affairs of her neighbors. They each and every one work out their own schemes according to their own ideas and ambitions. Japan is aggressively the most powerful nation in the Far East. Her armed force is not only for defence, but for attack if need be. Her political and commercial adventures are carried into alien territory by force applied either directly or indirectly. In brief, the position of Japan in the Far East is much more autocratic than the position of England in the West, and the ambitions of Japan within the Orient know no limit.

Russia is the only country from which Japan might fear any check to her chosen career at the moment, and Russia, for the time at least, is willing to maintain by treaty with Japan a status which eliminates the possibility of conflict of interest. What may happen in the years to come, when these two countries again jostle each other along boundaries now remote from any great activities, is problematical. Thirty years is the period allowed by

would-be prophets for peace to prevail. Much can happen in such a time, however, and estimates will necessarily have to be recast with each passing period of changed conditions. It is with the present and near future that this generation is concerned, and certain facts present themselves as beyond controversy.

The first of these is the unquestioned military and naval supremacy of the Japanese in Far Eastern waters. The second is the successful extension of Japanese trade throughout the Orient, displacing as it does the trade formerly held by Western peoples. The Yang-tse Valley, long held to be a British sphere of commercial influence, is no longer exclusively such. The English merchants in Shanghai are frank in their admission that it is no easy task to hold a profitable business against Japanese competitors. In Manchuria, a country which at one time was the boast of the American foreign trader, American business has dwindled away to nothing. In Korea, where England retained by treaty equal trading rights with Japan, the latter country, by one method or another, has so discriminated in favor of home manufactures that England's treaty-secured privilege has lost much of its value. The Japanese pedlars who tramp the by-paths of China from Kowloon to Mongolia are rapidly substituting their wares for the Western goods formerly shipped inland from the treaty ports. The details of the growth of Japanese exports tell this story in plain figures.

The Japanese Government naturally decries participation in Chinese disturbances, and promptly disowns those of its citizens caught in the act, but the number of Japanese who are always found in the neighborhood of a Chinese outbreak, and the fact that Yokohama or Osaka is the refuge for nearly all Chinese who have made trouble at home, certainly encourage

the suspicion that all is not quite above-board in these matters. In Tokio is one of the best informed Foreign Offices in the world, and in no country is a closer watch kept over affairs in China, for it is there that the Japanese find they can use their information to best advantage.

That "the East is East and the West is West" has always been fully recognized by those who know, but in the popular mind it has been a difference of customs and mental outlook rather than a real division of the world in its modernized energies. It is now necessary to revise our attitude towards this difference as we have long conceived it to be. The Far Eastern peoples have grouped themselves into a power which intends to hold for itself dominion over its own, and Japan stands to-day as the overshadowing figure in this group. Such Western ideas and methods as may be adopted are not for the purpose of bringing about closer relations with the West; they are for the purpose of maintaining and emphasizing the new line of cleavage which has been created by the developing ambitions and powers of a people well able not only to govern themselves, but to resent interference from alien sources. Where this new line is to be drawn between the East and the West is yet a matter of conjecture. If Russia be considered as a Western Power, her invasion of the Far East serves as a restriction, but there are many who agree with Mr. Kipling in his idea that it is a mistake to think of Russia as the most eastern country of Europe instead of the most western country of Asia. The future of Tibet, Indo-China, and many other lands of shadowy boundaries is involved in the final settlement as to which is East and which is West, and the success of the Japanese traders in India may even place that country among the disputed areas. Japan has not yet made

the mistake of attempting to extend her political influence beyond ground with which she is familiar, but the permanent growth of this sphere of influence can be marked conclusively with each succeeding year.

Japan is a great Power to-day, and is to become greater, for she has no serious rival in that part of the world over which her sway is to be extended. It is with Japan that the West will be compelled to treat in the final settlement of all Far Eastern affairs; for

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with a power and supremacy which cannot be challenged, her statesmen have good reason to feel sure of their ground. Japan is even now the Dictator of the Orient, though she may not be ready herself to promulgate this decree. Her people will some day soon point out the new boundary line they have drawn between the East and the West, and will demand to know who questions its markings.

James Davenport Whelpley.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER IV

After luncheon Lady Wendover and Frankie repaired to the drawing-room to look at picture-books until the kitchen dinner should be over. The little boy sprawled on the bearskin in front of the fire, studying highly-colored pages; Lady Wendover, seated in a comfortable chair, now and then replied, abstractedly, to impossible questions. She had had a busy morning, and the warmth of the fire made her drowsy; Carol's unusual behavior, too, was in her mind . . . she must go upstairs presently, when free of Frankie, and find out what was the matter.

Presently Frankie clamored for information concerning a picture of some children apparently in difficulties with a bear. He scrambled to his feet and laid the book open on her knee. "Why? Why? Why?" he repeated with impatience.

"They were good children," said Lady Wendover at random, fumbling for her spectacles.

"Good to eat? Did the bear eat them?" was Frankie's hopeful query.

She regarded the picture with becoming attention. "They were saved

because they were good children," she pronounced cheerfully.

"The bear wasn't hungry," decided Frankie. "Had he been eating *mitai*—" hastily he corrected the Hindustani slip, and added with emphasis, "sweets?"

Lady Wendover accepted this reminder, and together they went in search of a box of plain chocolate that was hidden somewhere about the writing-table. Then, hand-in-hand, they perambulated the room to inspect and discuss the various ornaments and curiosities that Frankie was not allowed to touch, till his nurse put her head in at the door and the child was removed, arguing, to be dressed for his afternoon walk.

Frankie safely in the nursery, Lady Wendover went upstairs and knocked at Caroline's door. The girl was lying on her bed, her face flushed and tear-stained.

"I've got a headache, Granny," she said; her voice was peevish. "I'm trying to go to sleep."

Lady Wendover laid her hand on the hot forehead. "There's nothing troubling you, dear, is there? Nothing you want to tell me?"

"No, nothing," said Caroline stubbornly. There was every difference, she felt, between having something to tell and wanting to tell it! She turned towards the wall and shut her eyes.

As Lady Wendover drew down the blind she noticed Captain Falconer's pot of heather on the dressing-table; and she wondered vaguely, as she went back to the drawing-room, if the man had said or done anything that morning to upset Carol. Certainly he had mentioned, laughing, that she had not seemed to appreciate his company; yet if Carol were annoyed with him why should she have carried his little gift up to her bedroom when she left the luncheon-table so abruptly? Was it possible that he contemplated "paying her attention"? The idea seemed absurd. He had only seen her yesterday for the first time, and he was returning to India shortly. Yet he had said he meant to call again to-morrow "about tea-time."

She sat by the drawing-room fire, her mind a little disturbed and uneasy. So far no young men had haunted the house on Carol's account,—the question of young Mr. Jerrold was too slight and impossible to be counted, if there had been anything in it at all; and though Lady Wendover supposed that Carol would marry some day she had never seriously considered the matter.

Now the notion that she might be called upon to deal with a definite love affair agitated and perplexed her, and she felt rather thankful that Rose was at home. Should any such event arise Rose would know what course ought to be taken. . . . It seemed to Lady Wendover only the other day that Carol had sprawled, like Frankie, on the bearskin! She could see the child now, a neat, plump little person with heavy brown hair bound by a ribbon snood, hoisting her heels, displaying frills and embroidery and a pink flannel petticoat. It was difficult to

realize that Carol had grown up, but Lady Wendover remembered with something of a shock that she herself had been married before she was Carol's age.

Then her thoughts wandered to her own youth in India, and the long, hot days in big echoing bungalows. What endless mail letters she used to write, crossed and re-crossed to save postage, such letters as nobody attempted to write nowadays. And the night journeys in camel-carriages, and ticca-gcharries, and palanquins, often through jungle alive with wild beasts. She recalled funerals in parched little cemeteries; close friendships that had arisen, not so much from mutual attraction as from the common feeling of exile that drew them all together, and made them all so ready to help each other, for it was seldom that you could choose your company. . . . Now, it all seemed like a dream, and everybody told her that India had changed utterly, even in the twenty years since her own departure from the country. People came home and said, "You wouldn't know India!" From all accounts they were no longer satisfied with make-shift surroundings, country-made articles, and a simple mode of life; nobody ate curry; motor-cars and sovereigns and telephones were common; seditious natives were honored equally with, and sometimes above, the old-fashioned loyalist; the servants were insolent and smoked cigarettes—how dreadful! Yet might it be that it was not so much India that had changed as the English themselves out there?

When Mrs. Wendover returned late from her shopping she found her mother-in-law peacefully asleep in the drawing-room.

They were both glad of tea, which roused Lady Wendover, and warmed the cold and exhausted Rose, who crouched, slim and fragile, on the fen-

der stool and related her trials of the afternoon. It seemed that she and Francis had so exasperated each other that he had soon deserted the Stores for his club. "I wonder," she added, "why men are always so touchy and self-conscious in shops!"

When she inquired what had become of Carol, Lady Wendover said, "She is lying down with a headache"; then paused, and presently asked with reluctance, "Rose, did it strike you yesterday that Captain Falconer was at all attracted by Carol?"

The question astonished Mrs. Wendover. "Captain Falconer? Good gracious, no. Why?"

With an effort Lady Wendover gave her reasons for such a suspicion.

"Well, he met her out this morning and came back with her here; and he said he should call to-morrow to arrange about a theatre. He had bought her a plant in a pretty pot, and she has got it upstairs in her bedroom. She ate no luncheon, and when I rebuked her for not listening to her grandfather she went out of the room crying. So unlike Carol!"

"But what does it all amount to? Carol is a pretty girl, and you know what men are. It sounds to me much more as if it was Carol who was attracted by Captain Falconer! That would not surprise me at all."

"Oh dear," said Lady Wendover helplessly; and added, "I shouldn't like poor little Carol to be made unhappy."

"Captain Falconer won't have time to make her happy or unhappy. He's off to India so soon. And he's not at all the kind of man to think of marrying a girl like Carol. But even if he did," she went on, "I suppose there would be nothing really against the idea. We know his people, and he's in the Indian Army. Carol will have to marry somebody."

"She's only a child. She need not think of it for years yet."

"If she doesn't think of it *you* ought to, Granny!"

"My dear!"

"Well, what is to become of her if she doesn't marry? She has a little pension, and I suppose she will get what would have come to her mother some day, but that would hardly be enough to keep her, would it?—you know what I mean. And the Gordons are hopeless from that point of view. None of them have a penny."

Lady Wendover stirred resentfully. "But of course she will marry eventually. She is so pretty and such a good, dear little soul."

"Yes, I know. But however pretty and good a girl may be, she can't marry if she gets no opportunity of meeting eligible men."

"But, my dear—what can we do? We should not care to entertain for the purpose of catching a husband for Carol, even if we could afford to do so. Of course, I quite see your point, and I suppose if Captain Falconer has taken a fancy to her we ought not to discourage it."

"I should very much doubt if there is even so much as a fancy on his part. Carol's tears and a plant in a pretty pot are nothing to go upon——"

"I suppose not," admitted Lady Wendover.

"I'm thankful Frankie is a boy," said Rose with sudden fervor.

"Boys are much more expensive than girls. You must put them into suitable professions."

"And if you have no money to leave them, you must get girls married, which nowadays in England, in our class of life, is much more difficult. Carol doesn't even meet men in a lower and richer class!"

Lady Wendover stiffened. "I would rather she never married at all than that she should marry a man who was not quite a gentleman!" She remembered young Mr. Jerrold.

"I don't think that matters so much," argued Rose, "so long as a man is well educated and has a good income!" Yet at the same time she knew that were Carol her own daughter she would resent the idea of her marrying a man who was not socially her equal.

"I do think," Rose went on ruthlessly, "that the question for girls in Carol's position is very serious. Nobody seems to realize it. If Carol goes to a dance with that dull friend of hers, May Sawyer, she doesn't know any men and doesn't get any partners. She told me so herself. And if she did know a lot of boys, what good would that be?"

Lady Wendover felt impatient. She wished Rose would stop meddling and not talk nonsense; she now regretted having mentioned her idea about Captain Falconer. It was impossible to give balls and parties and "take out" her granddaughter. It was true that she and James had a good house and servants, and all the food, and fires, and sundries that were necessary; but to the end of their days they would have to be careful, to consider where things could be obtained most cheaply, whether they could afford to go away, or to hire a brougham, or buy a new carpet, and so on. . . . She could only hope that some day Carol would marry and go to India, and live sensibly as hundreds of girls had done before her, and put her sons into the Army and the Civil Service, and her girls—Here she pondered uneasily. Suppose Carol's husband were to die, or be obliged to retire before the girls were old enough to join their parents in India—then what about the girls? She began unwillingly to perceive that there was some truth in what Rose had been saying with reference to girls brought up in this particular class. For the first time she felt a disagreeable misgiving as to whether, after all, she had been wise in her definite discour-

agement of the Jerrolds' advance? Yet she shrank inevitably from the notion.

Lady Wendover wondered what view Rose would be likely to take of the Jerrold question—Rose was very astute, despite her lack of energy. She managed Francis so judiciously (he had always been a trial to his mother), had restrained him in his disagreements with Government, had counteracted his tendency to make enemies; and for all this she respected her daughter-in-law, and felt that her opinion was of value.

Fortunately at that moment Rose gave her an opportunity of disclosing her new-born doubt, by the inquiry if no desirable young man had ever seemed attracted by Carol.

"There was one, perhaps," admitted Lady Wendover, "but he could hardly be called desirable. I discouraged it, and Carol did not seem to mind."

She explained about the Jerrolds and the subscription dance, the young man's subsequent call, and the note and invitation from his mother. What did Rose think? Might it not have been rather awkward and unpleasant had they accepted?

Rose considered. She felt herself forced to say: "On the whole, I suppose you did right." (Lady Wendover felt relieved.) "With her instincts and upbringing Carol might be miserable among people like that. Of course, Captain Falconer would be far better, but I can't believe he has any idea of it."

She knew his type, selfish though on the surface generous, keen to "make a good show," to be popular, to do everything well, but to go one better than other fellows. It seemed impossible that such a man would be genuinely drawn to a little girl with no money and no particular talents, hardly out of the schoolroom. At the same time the most unlikely cases of this kind did occur. It was not impossible. Perhaps

something could be done to render Carol more attractive in appearance, and so complete the conquest, if indeed it had begun! In respect to clothes, for example, and hairdressing, Carol could easily be improved.

"You know, Granny," she said tentatively, "Carol might make ever so much more of herself. She ought to dress better, for one thing."

Lady Wendover looked bewildered. "She has her little pension, and we give her enough to make it up to forty pounds a year. Surely that is quite sufficient to dress a young girl suitably. I always think she looks so nice. What a pity it is one can't keep them children always," she added in plaintive irrelevance.

"I'll undertake to make her look irresistible tomorrow afternoon!" said Mrs Wendover, and laughed.

"My dear, please don't encourage her to wear low-necked blouses and tight skirts, or anything dreadful of that kind."

"Oh, she shan't look bad style. Carol could never do that. She will always look a little gentlewoman."

"Yes, that is what I think," said Lady Wendover, comforted. "I feel proud of her when I see other girls—some of them even rouge nowadays, and black their eyes."

Rose felt slightly conscious of her own enhanced complexion. "Well, Granny, you can't altogether blame them when they see women who do such awful things receiving all the attention, and what you call nice girls left out in the cold."

Lady Wendover sighed. "It's a great pity. I don't know what I should do if Carol—"

"Don't be afraid! Anyway, I think I shall be able to tell to-morrow if you are right about Captain Falconer, and if you are not, I suppose there is always the young shopkeeper man."

"Oh, Rose. No!"

"Well, then, let us hope someone else will turn up sooner or later."

"But where from?"

"Exactly," said Rose.

CHAPTER V.

Captain Falconer waited, restless and alone, in the Wendovers' drawing-room. It was nearly five o'clock. Curtains were drawn, the fire blazed, electric light was turned on; the bulb in the jaws of the stuffed boa-constrictor shone like a luminous egg. Tea-things were set out on a brass tray, silver plated, that had been hammered and wrought at Benares.

The man did not sit down. He looked at himself in the mirror set in a deeply-carved frame that matched the screens, then stood, his back to the fireplace, and watched the door. His mind was in disorder; never before had his inclinations opposed his intentions, and the novel experience was disconcerting. Aware though he was that he could not trifle deliberately with a girl in Caroline's position without imperilling his popularity, he yet could not persuade himself to withdraw from temptation, which he knew would be the judicious course, both for his own sake and that of "the little girl." He realized his danger, and felt aggrieved. It was jolly bad luck to get smitten like this when nothing could come of it; but even if he had lost his heart he could still be careful to keep his head. He tried to convince himself that Caroline well knew the meaning of mere flirtation, that she understood the game as well as he did, and expected nothing more; but all the time he was acutely conscious of self-deception. Again he turned to his own reflection in the mirror, and shook his fist at it.

"By Jove!" he muttered crossly. "You are a blackguard." He felt he could have smashed all the ornaments on the mantelpiece like any maniac.

Then he laughed involuntarily at his mental predicament, and listened in nervous expectation to the sound of footsteps outside the door. Caroline came in.

For a moment Falconer stood mute. He had been fully alive to her "points," her exquisite skin, her clear features, her soft eyes, and natural sweetness; but until now he had not realized that she was beautiful in her own unmodern way. It was not so much that she looked different as that she seemed to have been perfected; and he felt perplexed as well as overcome. How could he know that this was Rose Wendover's work, achieved with such guile that Caroline had caught no inkling of her aunt's real motive, and was even furtively ashamed of her own excited anticipation as to the effect her bewilderment might have upon Captain Falconer? Pleasure flushed her cheeks, she was conscious of "looking nice," which gave her a sense of power and exultation, so that she met her lover with a pretty confidence that further thrall him.

His fingers closed tightly round her slender wrists, with eyes aflame he bent and kissed her hands, then placed them on his shoulders, and his arms gripped her.

"You little witch," he said half angrily.

Only by a miracle did she wrench herself free before Pogson entered the room bearing bread and butter and hot tea-cakes. Caroline said with hasty primness: "I am afraid we have kept you waiting. Granny and Aunt Rose are just coming."

She glanced towards the door. Did she fear or hope that Pogson would have trouble with the wick of the spirit lamp, and so remain in the room for the next few minutes? Perversely the wick would not light; Pogson struck innumerable matches, removed the kettle, replaced it, fussed and

fidged, and so kept the pair company till Lady Wendover appeared, ignorant that her daughter-in-law dallied purposely upstairs.

When Lady Wendover had greeted Captain Falconer, she became aware of something different in Caroline's appearance. Rose had effected her design; the girl did not look common, far from it, but she looked almost improperly pretty. The blouse she wore had no collar, though it could not be called "low-necked," and there was a hint of pink somewhere that melted into the cream of her skin and responded to the tint of her little ears and her rounded cheeks, to be repeated more emphatically in the curves of her fresh mouth. And, really, Caroline's hair was wonderful; Lady Wendover had never observed till now what a quantity the girl possessed; it was waved and curled, and it shone, and the parting showed so clear and white. . . . The old lady felt almost as startled as had her guest, Captain Falconer, when Caroline first came into the room.

All three were relieved when Rose Wendover entered, frail and sinuous, apologizing for not being ready sooner, hoping they had not waited tea, talking gaily, lightly, till everybody felt at ease.

Then Sir James Wendover came up from his sanctum, where of late, in spare moments, he had been engaged in writing his Indian reminiscences. Incidentally the work was to expose the administrative mistakes of an obtuse Government, vigorously opposed by himself during the latter years of his service. In his opinion subsequent events had verified his judgment, and he wished the world to know it. Sir James did not consider how long ago it had all happened, and that nowadays such matters become prehistoric almost before the echoes of strife have ceased. He did not realize that no one, save

those nearly connected with himself, would care whether he had been right or wrong, or what were the consequences. Though such men are indispensable to the great machinery of Indian government—though they do their honest best, and leave no record of self-interest or mean purpose behind them, they and their steadfast work are soon forgotten.

He approached the tea-table with an air of literary exhaustion, abstracted, vague, ink on his finger, even a little blot on his white moustache. It was a private grievance with him that the family did not regard his authorship with more serious respect.

"Writing makes one feel hungry," he remarked, and paused for questions and comments.

"Changing my dress makes me feel absolutely greedy," said Rose Wendover, innocently oblivious of the hint, and cut herself a slice of cake.

"I hate writing letters," said Captain Falconer.

"I have not been writing letters," Sir James told him stiffly.

"It's his book," Lady Wendover interposed.

"Oh yes; the book," said Rose.

"You are writing a book? What is it about?" inquired Captain Falconer. "Or is it a secret?"

"My dear fellow, why should it be a secret? There is nothing to be ashamed of, is there, in writing a book?" Sir James's tone was irritably superior.

"Not that I know of, but coming home on board ship, I remember, a woman told me she was writing an Indian novel, but that I wasn't to tell anybody; and I have often wondered why."

"Ah, well, a novel may be a different matter. Probably she had put all her friends into it, and naturally would wish to keep her identity dark."

"Then your book isn't a novel?" Captain Falconer merely desired to

make himself pleasant, and was perplexed when his host said: "Good heavens, no," in a tone of contempt and annoyance.

"And when will it be published?" inquired Rose Wendover agreeably.

"When it is finished. I am joining the Authors' Society in order to obtain advice and protection on the point."

At last the company felt impressed. Here was a field, or rather a whole world, of which they were ignorant—the world of letters.

But Captain Falconer's awe soon evaporated. "Well, Mrs. Wendover, are we going to do a theatre?" he said presently, in cheerful relief.

She regarded him with amused attention, and laid a trap for him.

"It's very kind of you," she said. "Perhaps Saturday night? Is Francis to come, too?"

"Of course," he said politely, "and Miss Gordon, if she will."

"Oh! then you don't want to take me out alone?" she teased; and to his secret vexation Captain Falconer flushed, a thing he had not done within his memory.

"Surely the more the merrier?" he said tritely. "Won't you and Sir James come, too, Lady Wendover?"

"Come where?" Lady Wendover had not been listening.

"To the theatre with me on Saturday night. I hope I have secured the rest of the family."

Lady Wendover thanked him, but said she and Sir James did not go out much at night—only to a few quiet dinner-parties now and then. Theatres kept them up too late, and Sir James's cough was rather bad just at present.

Sir James at once coughed apologetically.

"Sorry you have such a bad cough, sir," Captain Falconer said in consternation, for it sounded as though the old gentleman must break a blood-vessel.

"I've had it for twenty years," was his ungrateful answer, when he could speak. "I should quite miss it if it went away now!"

Francis Wendover came in. He shook hands with Captain Falconer, and found fault with the tea his mother gave him. He said that not one person in twenty understood how to make tea properly, and argued as to whether milk should be put into the cup first or afterwards.

Under cover of this Captain Falconer moved round to Caroline's side.

"You will come to the theatre, won't you?" he said to her in a low voice.

"I should like to——"

"And supper afterwards somewhere?"

She smiled demurely. Her little air of propriety provoked his passion; he wished they were engaged, that he might have the right to be alone with her—the right to rouse response to his own increasing ardor. He could not tell that her heart was throbbing unbearably, that she dared not look at him.

Rose Wendover, lolling in a deep chair, watched them with covert intentness; purposely she engaged the elders in conversation, and the murmuring voices in the background grew more intimate and continuous. She caught the word "museum," and noted it in her mind. Were Caroline and Captain Falconer making an assignation? This was, indeed, quick work! She distrusted his intentions, yet she argued that a man like Captain Falconer would hardly waste his time on a girl in Carol's position, guarded and hedged about with conventionalities, and relations, and various obstacles, unless he meant business.

The door opened. "Mr. Jerrold," announced Pogson the parlormaid, who objected to finger-bowls at luncheon on week-days.

At once everybody's attitude altered,

mentally and physically. There was an astonished silence.

Young Mr. Jerrold's appearance was correct enough. He had a narrow, clean-shaven face, and dark hair plastered to his head, quick, brown eyes, and very white teeth. His clothes were of the latest cut, and he had a brisk, uncereemonious manner. Not an unrepresentable youth, Rose decided, but he looked as if he had never been off London pavements, as if his one idea was to "do business" as promptly and as successfully as possible. It was when he began to speak that she felt he ought to be carrying a shiny black bag, or be seated in a brougham, smothered beneath cardboard boxes.

When introductions were over he said to Lady Wendover: "Rather late for a call, I'm afraid, but I'm kept pretty late at our place in the City just now. I promised my mother I'd come in and see if I couldn't persuade Miss Gordon to alter her mind and come to our hop after all?"

Lady Wendover was blandly distant. "It is not a case of altering her mind, Mr. Jerrold—my granddaughter is already engaged for that evening, as I explained in answer to your mother's kind invitation."

"Isn't it bad luck!" he said, appealing around him for sympathy. His eyes rested last upon Caroline, and remained fixed in patent admiration. "But my mother says she would change the date even now, if we could have one or two others to choose from. It isn't as if she'd have to write all the cards and notes over again—she's got a secretary girl who does all that, so it wouldn't be troubling her in the least."

"We could not dream of allowing her to do such a thing." Lady Wendover's voice faltered. It was really a most tiresome and unpleasant situation.

"Oh! she wouldn't mind. One date or another, what does it matter to us

as long as we get the people we want? Come, now, Lady Wendover, won't you allow yourself to be persuaded? We shall be sending one of our motors for the Sawyers, and it could call for Miss Gordon too, and bring her back with them all safe and sound. I believe you think Balham is a sort of jungle, full of savages and wild beasts." He laughed so naturally that Rose Wendover quite liked him.

Poor Lady Wendover's discomfiture was evident. Before she could compose an answer that would be final, Mr. Jerrold went on: "Of Course, Balham is a bit out of the way, that I grant you, but when one's got motors that doesn't matter, and the air's good after the City all day. My governor got the land a rare bargain, six acres, and built the house. Every bedroom's got its own bath-room, and there's a fine billiard-room, and a racquet court, and no end of——"

"It sounds delightful," Lady Wendover interrupted, "and I am sure your party will be a great success. It is most kind of Mrs. Jerrold to wish to change her date, but it is quite impossible for us to suggest another. Our plans are too uncertain." She would have added, in her extremity, that they were thinking of letting the house and going abroad, or that Caroline had visits to pay in the country—anything that might effectually silence this pertinacious young man—but that she feared tactless expressions of surprise from Sir James or Francis. Men were apt to be stupid on such occasions, even when the most flagrant excuses were being offered.

"Miss Gordon," appealed Mr. Jerrold, "can't you coax Lady Wendover into letting you come?"

Caroline regarded him with a calm, indulgent smile. "The fact is," she said amiably, "that I am not so very keen on dances.

"Oh! come I say!—what about that

night at the Empress Rooms? Don't tell me!"

There was an uncomfortable pause, and at last Mr. Jerrold felt himself defeated; even his unsuspecting perceptions were penetrated by the atmosphere of opposition that surrounded him.

"Well, if you won't, I suppose you won't," he said ruefully, and looked so crestfallen that Caroline offered him some tea, which he declined.

"I never touch it," he said, "though as a rule I don't take much notice of what I eat or drink;" and he began to describe the various tastes of different members of his family. His mother couldn't eat lobster or crab—it made her come out in a rash; shell-fish, he understood, did have that effect upon some people. Then his father—he could drink nothing but champagne, all other stimulants disagreed with him. And as for his sisters—well, they seemed to live on chocolates and ices as far as he could make out! For his part tea was the only mortal thing that upset him, otherwise it was all one to him what he put in his mouth; he never had been particular.

Sir James Wendover got up stealthily and went out. Francis followed him. They shut the door as though they were leaving a sick-room. Captain Falconer looked at the clock on the mantelpiece and then at his watch.

"I must be going," he said, without moving.

Mr. Jerrold jumped up. "Yes, time's getting on. Coming my way?" he asked Captain Falconer. "I'll give you a lift in my car if you like."

"Thanks, I'm walking;" and Captain Falconer allowed Mr. Jerrold to accomplish his farewells, making no sign of beginning his own.

Finally Mr. Jerrold looked back from the threshold of the door. "Com-

ing?" he said, in a friendly voice to the other man.

"Presently—don't wait." Captain Falconer waved to him affably; and the four people in the drawing-room sat silent, listening for the sound of footsteps on the stairs to cease. Then they all looked at each other.

"Well, really!" said Lady Wendover. She was deeply disturbed, for she felt that she had been placed in a difficult position from which she had barely extricated herself without being rude; and in all her life Lady Wendover had never been rude to anybody.

Rose Wendover laughed. "I like him," she said, and stretched out a long, thin foot, wriggling the toe and regarding it absently. "He's so perfectly natural and so keen on his work."

"My dear Rose, I hope we shall never see the creature again," said Lady Wendover severely. Then she addressed her granddaughter. "You must see, Carol, after this, that you couldn't have gone to the Jerrolds' dance."

"Did you want to go, Carol?" asked Rose indolently.

Caroline crimsoned, for Captain Falconer looked at her sharply and suddenly, as though he suspected her of an intrigue with the young man. "Oh no!" she said hurriedly.

"I wish he had asked me," pursued Rose. "I am sure everything will be 'top-hole,' as Mr. Jerrold would no doubt describe it—a good floor, a splendid supper, and the most expensive champagne."

"And the people?" from Lady Wendover, with contemptuous inflection.

"Most amusing, probably. They'll all enjoy themselves and dance till daylight."

Lady Wendover continued to argue. "I don't care what you say. I have no belief in people stepping deliberately out of their own class. What good would it do Carol to go to this dance?"

Rose Wendover gazed at Captain Falconer, who had risen and now stood with his back to the fireplace.

"Young Mr. Jerrold will probably end as a millionaire," she said slowly, "and possibly as a peer of the realm."

"Young bounder!" exclaimed Captain Falconer, with an impatient movement of his shoulders. Then he said good-bye to her and to Lady Wendover, looking very cross; and deliberately, before them both, he held Caroline's hand longer than was correct and looked into her eyes. "You are coming on Saturday," he said, more in a tone of command than of invitation. To Rose he added, "I will let you know where."

Inwardly they were all conscious that Mr. Jerrold's visit had brought about a difference in the atmosphere. Captain Falconer had gained a more intimate position in the household; Lady Wendover regarded him with higher favor by contrast with young Mr. Jerrold; Caroline's value was increased in the sight of her lover; Rose felt assured that Captain Falconer was seriously attracted.

At which museum did the pair intend to meet? The question intrigued Mrs. Wendover; indeed, the whole affair amused her, and awoke her interest. To think that this gay and hitherto unconquerable soldier should have been brought to such unexpected and ignominious surrender! Rose wished she could ask him whether he were the more entertained or annoyed by his own downfall. She feared, at the same time, that should Carol become Mrs. Falconer the future for the girl might not be entirely enviable—though, after all, it was perhaps safer to have a prig for a husband than a rake. (She corrected the thought, for she endeavored to be loyal to Francis at heart as well as articulately.)

Such a marriage would at least provide for Carol in her own level of life,

though Rose did not altogether share her mother-in-law's horror of matrimonial descent into the Jerrold world. She even felt doubtful if, were she in Carol's place, she would not prefer to marry a prosperous "bounder" in England rather than risk the trials and drawbacks of India—the exile, the climate, the difficulties, and, nowadays, the very definite dangers. However, to Carol naturally India would, at first, seem a paradise after the stagnation of her South Kensington existence, and, if she were in love, no evil prospect would have power to daunt her.

Next morning she observed Caroline closely, but the girl's manner gave no indication of excitement; evidently the meeting had not been arranged for the forenoon since, with the utmost goodwill, she agreed to take Frankie for a walk before luncheon. Then was it to be this afternoon?

Rose waylaid the cousins as they passed, hand-in-hand, through the hall. "Carol, I hate that hat," she said, with truth as well as with subtle purpose.

Two days ago this remark would have left Carol untroubled; now it disturbed and discouraged her, for she had begun, sensitively, to consider how she looked. "Don't you think it suits me?" she said, with nervous diffidence.

"No, I don't. Come out with me this afternoon and let me choose you another. I'll give it to you now as your next birthday present."

Rose watched Caroline flush and falter. "Thank you so much, Aunt Rose, but I don't think I can come this afternoon. I have an engagement."

Mentally the aunt chuckled. "Well, anyway, come upstairs now and try on one of mine that I have a suspicion is too young for me. It won't take a minute."

Together they mounted to Mrs. Wendover's bedroom. Frankie climbed in their wake with shrill expostulations. The hat was a success, and Rose forthwith lectured on the subject of coats. "Where on earth did you get the thing you are wearing?" she concluded. "It's cut all wrong."

"Oh dear!" cried Caroline distressed.

"If you like, you can wear my fur coat for your engagement this afternoon."

Caroline glanced at her with palpable suspicion, but Mrs. Wendover turned away and hummed carelessly. "There it is," she said, "you can take it when you want it. I don't think I am going out this afternoon. I have a lot of letters to write."

With incoherent thanks Caroline seized the coat, and carried it off to her bedroom.

Later in the day Rose was herself surprised to note the improvement in Caroline's appearance as she left the house, wearing the fur coat and the becoming hat, to keep her "engagement."

(To be continued.)

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN BRITAIN.

"Unbeaten tracks in Britain? There aren't any!" So says the *blasé* Britisher who boards a boat-express for the Continent to find relaxation—and peradventure health—at Ostend, in "gay" Paris, in a Swiss pension or (like Mark Twain) in some soapless hotel

of Italy. Granted that the "metropolitan octopus" with remorseless tentacles (of tube and 'bus) is devouring rural seclusion by acres at a time. Granted that every great centre of population has the same sad tale to tell. Nevertheless, even in these

crowded British Isles are regions beyond the ken of the smoke-fleed, untouched by the rude hand of man—where no wheeled thing may enter, where Solitude (like Enoch) walks with God. Of such the Continental week-end bethinks him not; but your seasoned traveller from the ends of the earth who has tracked grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains and watched camels lurching past the Sphinx; who has seen sunrise on Himalayan snows, and “magnificent distances” from the summit of the Great Wall, views them with wise content and loves them still.

In these delectable Islands we have our national playgrounds. No one grudges Snowdonia and the Lake District their swarms of holiday makers. So great, in faith, is the diversity of these dear mountain retreats that, even in the height of “the season,” one need not look in vain for solitude at Cwm Idwal or the rough Hause of Honister. ’Twould be churlish to complain of the yearly flooding of our two Isles of Man with human streams—though even there one can roam near (but not too near!) the beetling cliffs of Spanish Head, or the dazzling precipices of Scratchell’s Bay, without treading on the tails of anybody’s coat. Still, there are scenes less notorious (if you will forgive the word), less over-run, but no less precious to the discerning eye. Advertisements decide the course of so many holidays; with so many folk the hard-won vacation has become a matter of piers and “proms” and pierrots! Let us forsake the conventional round, the resort whose “attractions” are measured in yards of type. “The world is too much with us:” let us go where Nature still is all in all.

If the finest coast scenery in the British Isles is that about Achill Island; and in Britain, that of Skye; then in south Britain it is that of North Cornwall and Devon. From any

point of view, the coast from Pentire Point by way of Trevoze to Pentire Head; from Bude by Hartland to Clovelly; and, again, from Heddon’s Mouth to Lynton, will take a deal of beating. These, of course, are the favored sections: that from St. Agnes to Holywell is often given the go-by. But it is not without a claim to distinction. Dunes at sea-level are common enough, if not usually associated with striking scenes; but here we have them crowning the tops of cliffs 200 feet in height. Inland the waste of sand-hills spreads into a desolate heath; and the result is a wilderness more easy to get into than to get out of.

Hither, says Legend, in the fifth century—before the arrival of St. Augustine in Kent—a band of holy men came from St. Patrick in Ireland. On the moor inland, stone circles stood for heathendom; but the newcomers built, near the sea, a church in the name of their leader. St. Piran—to this day the patron saint of Cornish miners. A few miles up the coast, in the course of time a city arose which strangers, flocking thereto, corrupted even to the level of Sodom and Gomorrah. So the divine vengeance, in the guise of a sandstorm, fell upon that city, blotting it out of existence, slitting into uselessness the estuary on which it stood—the only haven on this storm-cursed coast—and turning the countryside for miles into a wilderness. Now you know how the sand-hills come to be on top of the cliffs!

But in one direction divine justice seems to have miscarried. The flying sand overwhelmed the church on the hill. And under that deadly pall the Priory lay for centuries till, in 1835, by the shifting of the dunes, it was once more brought to light. Nothing remains of the building but portions of the foundation walls (now surrounded by an unromantic iron railing) and a fragment of an arch.

To many strangers seeking it, St. Piran's remains "lost"; not a few end by losing themselves. From the golden beach of the "porth" to the hillock which commands a view of the ruins is a mile or more, and there seems no likelihood of a permanent pathway being driven through the maze of restless dunes and drifts. Uncharitable folk have suggested that the good people of the place prefer the approach to their precious church to remain a natural Chinese puzzle, because the salving of lost visitors from this drab wilderness is not infrequently a source of profit.

One summer I camped with a friend for several weeks on the fringe of this wilderness, just where the path from the "porth" comes painfully to the top of the cliff. It afforded us no small amusement to observe the time taken by various visitors to solve the problem of the church. Those blest with the bump of locality, or who enlisted artificial aids—such as sticks planted in the ground to serve as landmarks—took an hour, more or less. Others, less provident, took the greater part of the day; and our services were more than once importuned by anxious visitors to aid in the search for relatives lost or strayed. On one of these occasions night had fallen, and a certain missing pair had not returned. Armed with lights and whistles, a party of five set out from our tabernacle, in raw and misty weather. By keeping within a couple of hundred yards of each other, and mounting every now and then to the tops of the hills, we swept the maze pretty thoroughly as far as the church, but to no purpose. Further inland, a number of disused pit-shafts vary the landscape, but, being optimists, we preferred to turn seawards. At length the lost ones hove in sight, crouched near the edge of the cliffs on a projecting tongue of land, nearly two miles from the start-

ing-point. The young lady, it seems, had become unnerved on finding herself, in the darkness, so near the perilous brink, and had declined to move another step, in any direction. Needless to say, they had not found the church.

The presence of these sandhills does not deprive the cliffs of grandeur. Beyond the rent and twisted Ligger Point, the sea-wall culminates in Penhale. A splendid promontory this, where primeval strata, tilted to the vertical, thrust themselves seawards in a jagged, knife-like ridge. Arrived at the torn extremity, after a scramble recalling that along Crib Goch (save that, instead of still Glaslyn, you have a dashing sea below), there confront you the rugged Carters—stacks given over to myriads of seabirds, wheeling round. And thereby hangs a tale. Two youths from a Cornish school, one summer half-holiday, swam the narrow channel for a wager, at low tide. But when their scramble on the rocks was over, things had changed. The tide ran through like a mill-race, and the young desperadoes were hard put to get back. At length they landed—one, at least, on the verge of collapse—when lo! their clothes—oh, where were they? "Ask the waves" which had swept them out to sea! The nearest house—a parsonage—lay some miles inland across the dunes. So to the parsonage they went, where their arrival in *puris naturalibus* created no small stir. The vicar, a kindly man, did his best for them, and packed them off post-haste, in clerical garb of antiquated cut. Thus attired, and obviously sadder and wiser, the young scapegraces entered the academical precincts. 'Twas an event long to be remembered—and hilariously spoken of to this day.

To every sympathetic listener the Moor speaks with two voices. About its rolling ridges and stripped, stark

tors, swept by all the winds that blow, you hear the note of majesty, with echoes of Atlantic surges breaking on distant coasts. But where the solemn hills bend condescendingly to the fairest of pasture-lands, mountain-streams rush merrily from high ground to low, through wooded valleys breathing peace. Let us listen to these two voices, as we work westwards.

Through Dartmoor's eastern fringe, between two ancient earth-forts which command a defile gloriously clothed in purple, green and gold, runs the crystal Teign. Bestriding it, behold a narrow lichened bridge, where the foldings of the hills most nicely fit, and five hundred feet below their towering tops. Near by, but so unobtrusive as to seem part of the landscape, an old-world mill, where concession to "the flesh-pots" may be made in the shape of strawberries and the most perfect clotted cream. Such is the gorge of Fingle. It might have been in vision of it that the ancient Britons called this land *Dyvneint*.¹ Here, no doubt, behind the ramparts on these steep-pitched hills the Damnonian offered vain resistance to the advance of the Roman Eagle, and youthful Titus (as Merivale conjectures) saved his sire, the great Vespasian, from a hard-flung British dart.

From the time-stained buttresses of Fingle Bridge to the springs which gush out below Siddaford Tor, almost within the shadow of the Grey Wethers, or to the vast bog which gives birth to half the streams of Devon, the Teign brims over with life and interest. Of British rivers the Dart is reputed the most beautiful—a pre-eminence it owes to Holne Chase and the fine estuary from Sharpam seawards, which royal pens have praised; but it cannot, for sheer winsomeness, surpass the Middle Teign. Half-way to Chagford, where the glen opens out,

we pass a massive logan-stone which, in a bygone age, some white-robed Druid

" . . . rock'd with gullful hand, to wondering crowds

And ignorant, and sway'd the fear-struck throng."

In these degenerate days, alas! It declines to move. Wherein it is more obdurate than its namesake near the Land's End, which *does* condescend to shift its sixty tons in response to suitably directed pressure. Higher up, above Gidleigh, the Teign comes down in earnest from its moorland bed, between great boulders and piers of "clapper" bridges, with a "cry" that echoes far and wide. Higher up, again, beyond the sacred memoirs of Devon's Stonehenge, and the rock-basin on Kes Tor which your legend-scorning geologist persists in calling "a pot-hole"—the "cry" becomes a murmur. At length, on the edge of the mysterious Cranmere, there issues from deep furrows of black peat a tinkling as of a hidden bell which soon is heard no more.

Others besides Blackmore, in Christowell, have made play with the mysteries of Cranmere. Save after a spell of heavy rain, however, "the Pool" is passable enough—with ordinary care. Mystery apart, this boggy heart of Devon, ringed with her highest tors, has an impressiveness all its own. Thereto a mighty silence contributes—a silence broken only by the beating of your heart, the sigh of the wind, the whisper of some new-born stream. Just beside you, the Teign begins; on your left is Dart Head, opening south; half a mile away, the infant Taw issues to hurry north—the Ockment, too, to swell her sister Torridge; behind you babbles Walla Brook; before, the Tavy calls. 'Tis a feeble summons, but (as this alone of all the streams runs west) obey it. Tavy leaves the Moor by a wild, deep "cleave," whence the tors

¹ Deep Valley (compare the Cymric "nant").

rise imposingly—more so, indeed, than those who had never seen it could believe. In winter blizzards the snow piles up at the foot of Fur and Stan-non Tors as nowhere else in Britain; and, below Great Tor, on the opposite side, lies the most dangerous of those “stables,” as the moor men call them—graves, in plain language—for moorland ponies. At this point it were well to fetch a compass and, turning north, make into the valley of the Lyd. Another such gorge as that of Fingle here passes gradually from sylvan pleasantness, by the White Lady cascade, to sombre grandeur, in the dread chasm spanned by Lydford Bridge.

Once upon a time, some writers have maintained, all Dartmoor was one great volcano. At least we may say that volcanic action prepared the way for the great extrusion of granite of which it now consists. And there, on its western edge, stands the sole remaining fragment of those volcanic works. It may even be the neck or stump of some ancient cone; but, whatever the precise method of its formation, the church on its black, rugged crest clearly proclaims the final subjugation of the infernal powers. The Tor is in full view of Plymouth Sound; and to this circumstance, indirectly at least, Legend attributes the presence of this storm-swept “tower of God.” For (so the story goes) a weather-bound merchant vowed that, if Providence vouchsafed him safe return, he would build a sanctuary on the first bit of land he saw. And so did he. The walls of the edifice are of a thickness appropriate to its exposed position and, as you stand in the narrow porch and hear the sea-wind whistling past, the text upon the lintel seems appropriate too—*“Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.”*

Buxton, I believe, is a spa of no small repute; but the virtues of its water are for a favored few, fat of

purse. Fortunately, the greater glories of this Peak District cannot be encased and charged for. They are free, on one condition, that you climb. He who cannot, or will not, must remain the poorer. Suppose we take the Scout by a flank attack, that is, from the western side. A considerable stream, which has cut its way down from the summit, indicates the route. Leaving, at Hayfield, the haunts of men, we follow this mountain torrent through a winding, narrowing, ascending gorge. Of a sudden, having led us over a chaos of great boulders to the feet of a naked precipice, it disappears. Yet there, in the eroded face of that cliff, its tracks are plain. Could we but climb to the towering brink, clear cut against the sky-line, we might read the secret it withholds. There is not a living soul to be frightened by our venture, or to gather up the fragments of us, if we fall!

The limestone is now behind us, and below; we are on the millstone grit. And a grand rock it is for climbing, with its horizontal planes, rough surface and general solidity. The cliff, of course, is not for the inexperienced climber, nor for one unblest with steady nerves; but it is an exhilarating bit of rockwork for an “old hand.” And the winning of the summit solves the mystery of the stream. The High Peak is an all-but-level tableland, say four miles by five, with a slight knoll on the west, marking the Scout itself. Far on that bleak expanse of blackest peat and purplest heather, two thousand feet above the sea, the river rises—in wet weather. Reinforced by a hundred runnels it attains, by the time it reaches the edges of the plateau, a width of thirty feet and, with its clear hundred feet drop, makes a substantial cascade. In time of drought, however, this “Kinder Downfall” does not exist.

By the time the traveller reaches the

further side, the sun will be preparing to depart in ruddy state, while the lights of Edale begin to twinkle in the valley far below. And thither, down steep grassy slopes, he will descend at break-neck pace, with the demands of the inner man to spur him on.

"To-morrow to fresh woods"—the short cut over the shoulder of the Shivering Mountain,² with its great face of shifting scree; the splendid pass of the Winyats; and a plunge into one of those weird caverns fashioned by water in the womb of limestone hills. Suppose, of these last, we take the Speedwell—for the discovery of which the hand of man is responsible. A long flight of steps leads down, down as into a well sunk on an inclined plane. Cimmeric gloom enwraps us; there is the glint of water in front, a concomitant coolness in the air. A lantern, dimly burning, reveals a flat-bottomed craft into which a very human Charon invites us to step. We glide along a narrow tunnel containing two feet of water, through darkness rendered "more visible" by wax-lights placed, as we pass, in niches in the rocky walls. The roar of many waters falls upon the ear, and gathers volume. At length, after a voyage of half a mile—a line as long of lights twinkling behind us—we step out upon a rocky platform, the rush of waters evidently close by. The guide directs us to stand still; he mounts a stony slope, and fires a Bengal light. A vast cavern, more vertical than horizontal, holds us—its recesses lost on every side in impenetrable gloom. Downwards through it a river dashes at headlong pace and flings itself from the platform on which we stand into a veritable bottomless pit. Into this abyss were dumped thousands of tons of debris from the mine—of which the tunnel just traversed was the beginning—without any appreciable effect. As for the height

² Mam Tor.

of the cavern, some idea was afforded by sending up a rocket charged for four hundred and fifty feet. It ran its course, bursting overhead in a shower of sparks; but the gross darkness of the roof remained unperced.

Most folk approach "lone St. Mary's silent lake" by way of Galashieles. A coach runs up the Yarrow valley to its head, and that, of course, is a consideration. For the pedestrian there is a better way. Instead of mounting behind a jarvey to the lake, let him descend upon it from the north. When he has tracked lovely Manor Water to its source on the heather-wrapped heights of Hundlehope, he will have a pleasant surprise. No sooner is the descent of those gorgeous hills begun, than of a sudden the still blue sheet appears, a thousand feet below, set amidst green hills of gentle shape and hue. A sight, indeed, for world-weary eyes!

How many lakes, I wonder, are just as deep as the hills are high about them? St. Mary's is, you will be told. But that would make it twice as deep as any Scottish lake, and thrice as deep as Wastwater! However, we will avoid contention, and, descending, make for the head of the lake. Let us go gently by the Loch o' the Lowes and the heroic memorial of the Ettrick Shepherd to the humble but famous scene of his labors—Tibbie Shiels. To have a cup of tea at Tibbie's is not enough. The correct thing is to spend the night—and this the traveller who has chosen our unhackneyed route will be quite ready to do. The sleeping space may be limited—but what of that, in a place over which the shades of Hogg and Wilson and wonderful Dame Richardson still brood?

A few miles on, Yarrow gives place to Moffat. But downwards we may not go, for just below the watershed a merry stream comes with a babble from the hills on the right, calling us

noisily to its source. 'Tis the Tall Burn; and are we not after the Tall?

Foyers was the finest of Scotland's waterfalls before it was harnessed for commercial ends; this of the Grey Mare is, without question:

" . . . issuing forth, one foaming wave,

And wheeling round the Giant's Grave, White as the snowy charger's tail."

Taken together, the upper and lower falls have a height of nearly four hundred feet, and the volume when the Burrn is in spate fully justifies the description in *Marmion*.

To reach the top of the fall is no child's play, as the hillside sinks uncompromisingly; but if the traveller is to see the wildest of Britain's little lakes, he must "breast the brae." To those who measure impressiveness in feet and inches Loch Skene will come with something of a shock. The lake dates from the Ice Age. Moraines of departed glaciers dammed the stream, and this lone tarn in the lap of stern hills is the result. On the left White Combe rises seven hundred feet, with a splendid sweep of screes and, hemming the lake in closely, height answers to height across the still dark waters.

A steep pull up from the Loch-head brings the traveller into another world. Behind is wildness, silence, desolation. Before lies the smiling valley of the Tweed, open, verdant and, in the distance, cultivated. On the one side Broad Law bounds its basin; on the other, Coulter Fell, and to the parent stream Talla Water points the way, roaring down the famous Linn.

I hope I shall not incur the wrath of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, or any other body of perfervid Celts, for venturing to include a part of Erin under the head of "Britain." After all, the process of political dichotomy is not complete—not yet. The stickler for terminological exactitude will raise

objections; but why, oh why, should the poet be permitted license, and not the poor topographer? At any rate, the risk of Nationalist anathemas notwithstanding, I summon you to the land of Father o'Flynn where, with "the Lake of Shadows" it begins. If it's a sea voyage you're after, you will of course take boat direct for Derry; and the view you will get of Fair Head as you pass far below its columned precipices will prepare you for the rest.

With its caves and islands, its winding length and the imposing Pillars of Hercules at its mouth, Lough Swilly deserves place among the finest of British sea-lochs. The yachtsman finds it ideal, and British Admirals have taken quite a fancy to it as an anchorage. 'Tis a stirring sight to see from the high ground about Rathmullan (as I did one summer afternoon) the battle-ships of the Channel Fleet weigh anchor, form—with mathematical precision, and yet with marvellous grace—into "columns of divisions line ahead," and steam with gathering momentum for the open sea, while the strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" come cheerily across the water from each ship's band in turn.

A steam ferry, somewhat erratic as to times and seasons, crosses the Lough from Fahan, a three-mile run. The alternative is a twenty-mile round via Letterkenny, at the Lough-head. One evening, I remember, as the ss. *Swilly* was fading into the shadows behind Inch Island on her final journey east—somewhat ahead of her schedule time—an exasperated cyclist rode up to the all-but-deserted pier. Having vented his feelings on the departing clerk (who, judged even by Irish time, had not a leg to stand upon), he sought to engage a boat to row him across. But Pat (who had just made fast for the night) had other fish to fry: the lights of the Jolly Sailor were turning on, and there was a sound of revelry within. Where-

fore the disconsolate wheelman sat him down upon the beach, lit his pipe and donned his considering cap. All at once a bright idea seemed to occur to him. He looked about; there was not a soul in sight save myself, and I obviously a visitor; while, judging by the uproar, there was good sport afoot at the Jolly Sailor. In less time than it takes to tell, he had hoisted his wheel into the wherry, within which a pair of old sweeps had been left; shoved off, and soon was making palpable, if laborious, progress in the desired direction. As the bold bad Orangeman (he could have been no less) passed me on the pier—"tell the ould bhoy," cried he, "he'll find his Mary Jane on the other side in the morning!"

On the one shore of Swilly, Buncrana and the grand Gap of Mamore look across to Portsalon, with its Seven Arches of sea-sculptured limestone on the other. Westward lies Lough Mulroy, with a coast as intricate, and yet as fair, as one could wish. Cross it to Crawford, and thence to that savage tarn, Lough Salt. You are now in the Highlands of Donegal. The hog's back of Muckish and the granite pyramid of Errigal mark the western sky. You may track the long ridges of Derry-

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veagh to where they end in the "Lair of the Whirlwinds"—Slieve League's vast inclined plane, sinking without a break into the restless Ocean; or, nearer at hand, you may feast mind and eye on the noblest promontory in Europe, Horn Head. From inaccessible nooks and crannies in the sheer six-hundred-foot precipice of the Horn itself, myriads of sea-birds will issue at your call. And there are other wonders. Where shivering rock-walls hedge in a ring of wave-beaten sand, the Murder Hole behold, and tremble; and, hard by, that deep blow-hole drilled by Atlantic storms clean through the cliff-wall, eclipsing, as a natural wonder, both the Buller of Buchan and the Devil's Post-box at Kynance. Mac-Swine's Gun, they call it; and when you are back at Derry you may, in wild weather, hear its roar. But whether you hear it or not, you will ever after yield homage to the supreme grandeur of its surroundings. In remembrance of such scenes as these, in Britain's byways, you will reject the promenade, the garish casino and the powdered pierrot as "weary, flat, stale and unprofitable" and, for the rest of your mortal term, be one Nature-worshipper the more.

E. Bruce Mitford.

THE INTERNATIONAL CEMENT OF ART AND LETTERS.*

The past twelvemonth will always be memorable in international history for other reasons than the clash of civilizations and interests, the destructive or disturbing influences of whose shock, not at once to be removed even by peace, whenever it may come, will have caused a solution of continuity so organic and world-wide as to confront human progress in every department with

* "The Irish Element in Mediaeval Culture." By H. Zimmer, translated by J. L. Edmonds. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)
"Russia's Gift to the World." By J. W. Mackail. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

the necessity for a new start. Of happier omen, and equal actuality, is the convergence of certain peaceful anniversaries upon the closing year of the twentieth century's first decade and a half. In 1814 came the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, uniting the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic in the bonds of an amity, sometimes indeed strained, but never for long seriously imperilled. The hundredth year of the English-American peace had seemed,

till late in the summer, as regards length of duration and stability, to be equalled by that of England's friendship and goodwill with all her European neighbors. How and why these expectations were disappointed belongs to history. Kant, as presented to English readers by De Quincey in 1824, held that whole peoples might change their character, just as meteorologists have proved that human activity, constructive or destructive, can modify their climates. What is called change, however, when looked at a little closer, proves to be only development, the growth to completion of immemorially existing germs.

Young Turkey of a few years back was not so much a fresh creation as the bringing up to date of a national temper, shown by the "Fakredeen" of Disraeli's novel, *Tancred*, to have been coeval with the Turk himself. So too with the momentous substitution of Delhi for Calcutta as the capital of our Indian Empire. This at the time passed for another instance of the "unchanging East's" forfeiture of its traditional epithet. But the sacred city on the Jumma had already held metropolitan rank, not only in Mogul, but in Afghan and Pathan dispensations. It was also asked, what imagination would have dared to picture the domes, mosques, and groves of the great Punjab centre witnessing oaths of allegiance to a stranger taken by native feudatories and their subjects. So far from that ceremony being without precedent, it has happened repeatedly time out of mind, from the thirteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth, when the English supremacy firmly established itself, not because it was English, but because it alone held out the promise of rest from the agitating succession of effete dynasties and habitual revolutions which preceded it. Similarly another subject of nineteenth-century amazement used to be

the catastrophic process by which Japan, the stronghold of mediaeval feudalism, had become the "England of the East," steeped in the culture it drew from Trinity under Thompson, and from the Balliol of Thompson's Oxford rival.

Nothing, however, comes out more clearly from Laurence Oliphant's record of the Elgin Mission (1859), and Lord Redesdale's experiences in a similar capacity (1906), as well as from the less known, perhaps, but even more authoritatively instructive account of H. O. Adams, that the country, even before its full emergence from the fabulous period, had shown a marked predisposition to progress on European lines. Jonathan Swift's satire appeared in 1726; and contemporary readers at once identified Japan as the scene of Captain Lemuel Gulliver's experiences. Long before then the island had been agitated by certain native spirits, turbulent and restless, but all seriously bent upon the extension of overseas trade and the popular enrichment of their country at the expense of the hereditary dictators. The islands, whose modern name is a corruption of Marco Polo's Zipangu, the land of the rising sun, had formed the progressive character of its inhabitants by five hundred years' incessant struggle against a military caste, whose chiefs were supported by the full force of deeply-rooted and widespread religious fanaticism. Complete deliverance from this combined tyranny was a slow work. It came, however, in 1854, when the opening of the five ports to all nations brought the country within the comity of commerce.

Thus began the western world's acquaintance with the alert "Jap" of our own day, as Benjamin Jowett's *protégé*, the conqueror of China and Russia. Without much straining of facts, a tolerably close parallel might be traced between the land in which

Wilhelm II once placed the headquarters of the yellow peril, and the country over which that potentate rules. The twentieth-century growth of both is equally rooted in the soil of different degrees of antiquity. World Empire is a periodically recurring commonplace of history. From Alexander the Great to Genghis Khan, it was in constant process of personification, ages before the present Kaiser's models, Frederick the Great and Napoleon I.

The vicissitudes of reversion to, or departure from type undoubtedly effected from time to time among the comity of peoples are to be seen less in the collective bent than in the modifications of the social structure. Nothing has been more interesting or admirable than the uniform temper of the entire French people since the declaration of war. How nobly, it is added, does this contrast with the traditional chauvinism displayed less than fifty years ago! The explanation is not, however, any real ethnic metamorphosis, but the fact that since the 'seventies the true France, thrifty, practical, and industrious, has found and can express itself. The traditions of the mutually antipathetic groups and interests forming the French people, go back in an unbroken line almost to the fall of the Roman Empire. The France of to-day is little older than the Peace of Paris of 1815. The old *régime* withheld free play or power from her growing industrial middle-class. This subjection had wholly to be shaken off before her second birth as the self-governed, serious, and self-denying community which she has become to-day. The eighteenth-century revolution, as Jaures has shown in his encyclopedic work, was essentially a movement of the bourgeoisie, just as the Parliamentary rising against the Stuarts, a century earlier, had for its life and soul the smaller squires like Pym and Hampden, who, even though they were

sometimes knights of the shire, coalesced as readily with "goodman-burgess" (the borough member), as he did with the small traders. The beginnings of constitutional monarchy in England required one "by birth a gentleman, living neither at any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity," a typical middle-class Briton, Oliver Cromwell. The French settlement, one hundred and forty-four years later, was effected by the glorified incarnation of bourgeois France. The very Code Napoleon of 1803 bore alike in outline and details that stamp of bourgeois genius which made it the Magna Charta of the middle-class France.

The social and intellectual processes long since preparatory in some degree for the French Entente will be noticed presently. Quite apart from these the almost contemporary growth of the English and French democracy has done more than any other single cause towards establishing a new sentiment of unity between the two countries. In both the same period witnessed the full dawn of the day of the middle classes. The men now conducting in council or in field the affairs of both belong by descent and association to the same order. Multiplied opportunities of higher education, of travel, culture, in a word the whole genius and institution of modern life, have raised the professional classes, French and English, to the point in the body politic formerly seldom reached except by those representing or connected with territorial or aristocratic families. Between 1700 and 1800 a notable instance to the contrary was presented by Alderman Sawbridge, the friend of Fox, who brought in a bill for shortening Parliaments, and who died in 1795. Between that date and our own time, the two men of genius adorning the Conservative party before the Victorian era, George Canning and Benjamin Disraeli, are conventionally cited as excep-

tions to the rule. Canning, indeed, came of a commercial stock, whose money sent him to Eton and Christ Church; he had, however, a duke for his future brother-in-law and the greatest heiress of his day for his bride-elect long before he became a front-bench man, and attracted much attention in the House or out of it. As for Disraeli, it may not be brought out clearly enough in the official biography, but his father, Isaac D'Israeli's, intellectual prestige and wide acquaintance gave him the first start on his career, opened to him all houses he cared to enter, and helped him immensely with the publishers till the patrimony available by the father's death placed the son not, indeed, beyond the want of money or the danger of debt, but in comparative independence. Canning did not live to witness it, but Disraeli lived through and was profoundly impressed by the Anglo-French intellectual alliance, literary and political, originated and confirmed between 1806 and 1836. The latter date is of real importance, because in that year Emile de Girardin founded the French halfpenny press with the *Journal of Useful Knowledge*, in the Orleanist interest. This revived the *rapprochement* between the English and French newspaper system which had begun between 1810 and 1825, when Paul Louis Courier first supplied a model for writers in the English press. The cement of journalism preceded very considerably the other agencies outside politics or diplomacy, the court or the camp. Periods of suspense, whether lingering or acute, have a power of reducing, as it were, to a common denominator not only individuals but whole classes and even communities that may happen to live through them. The convulsion on the Seine of 1793 had been awaited with unanimity of apprehension equally in the kingdom over which it swept and the neighboring States of eastern and

western Europe. During the best part of a century, English students of political philosophy especially had studied the internal developments of their first Continental neighbor with the same closeness as they had once read the politics of Aristotle or the *Prince* of Machiavelli. Observers indeed in the British Isles alone foresaw the coming storm.

The overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy was foretold a generation in advance of the event alone by three English prophets so widely differing from each other as Lord Chesterfield, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, and Arthur Young. The Napoleonic struggle itself, like the tempest that heralded it, had for its precursor an acute fit of Anglomania. Montesquieu was the earliest French intellect to exercise in both countries a definite influence productive of an Anglo-French entente. English institutions, English character, and above all English breeding, were the models which he successfully proposed to his countrymen. English gardening, English gigs, English grooms, horse races and manner of riding became the vogue. The export of English goods across the Channel rose from £90,000 to £830,000. The elaborate and fantastic costumes of the old court gave place to the simple dresses of English gentlemen and gentlewomen. Other and older agencies than the philosophic writer just mentioned had long made for a social confederation of the two countries. The French convent schools were as much affected for their daughters by the rank and fashion of Great Britain during the seventeen-hundreds, as the Jesuit schools of the Continent generally had been by the English youth of quality during the Middle Ages. Nearly all the polite diarists of that period, headed by Horace Walpole, abound in personal illustrations of the effect produced

upon the future wives and mothers of the privileged classes by the Gallic associations of their girlhood.

From 1750 onwards there was no pause in the activity of intellectual movements less immediately, but not less really, indispensable to the Anglo-French Entente than the good offices of Edward VII himself. They were indeed less effective in art than in society, and more noticeable in literature than in either. As on the other side of the Dover Straits, so across the Atlantic, the "wizard of the north's" authority and genius in his creative province gave an impulse to makers of prose fiction that but partially spent its force when the elder Dumas, Washington Irving, and J. Fenimore Cooper acknowledged themselves his literary offspring. Sir Walter Scott, born in 1771, came into the world twelve years before the New York historian who took for his pen-name Daniel Knickerbocker, and thirty-two years before the novelist of the *Three Musketeers*. Irving, who never underrated his debts to Scott's personal good offices, was the earliest American writer after the Revolution had made his countrymen citizens of the United States instead of British subjects. The author of *Waverley* chivalrously put at their very highest his obligations to Maria Edgeworth's suggestive sketches of Irish and English domestic interiors. The father of United States *belles lettres* exemplified showed something of a like inspiration in the *Salmagundi Papers*, in the *Sketchbook*, and in *Bracebridge Hall*. The Edgeworthian affinities of these productions would have been enough to recommend them to Sir Walter. He read them through with growing approval and delight as they successively came down to him at Abbotsford.

"Hoot man!" he exclaimed to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "Here are the

observation of life, the insight into character, and the union of polish with simplicity which first made me wish for the writer's personal acquaintance." Moral and intellectual qualities like those of Irving's books make it a simple duty to do what one can towards letting the whole Anglo-Saxon world know the true character of the literary force produced by the great republic of the West. The triangular alliance, American—English—French, which one may connect with Washington Irving, was due not only to his popularity as an author six years before J. Fenimore Cooper became known, it forms equally his distinction, the first genuine man of letters and all-round English scholar that his country produced. His thorough literateness, to revive Thackeray's favorite word, revealed itself in the first idea and its historical relationships of his "Knickerbocker" history of New York. Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, the best part of a century earlier, had originated in an idea of caricaturing Richardson's *Pamela*. In 1807 a certain Samuel Latham Mitchill¹ had published an account of New York, a pretentious and worthless book, puffed by partisans and parasites into a momentary success. Why should not something of the kind done by Henry Fielding alone give Washington Irving, in collaboration with his brother, a chance of unmasking?

The brother backed out of the task almost before it had fairly commenced. Washington himself, instead of proceeding on the lines he had originally laid down, decided on reducing a substantive work in the vein for which his studies, and, as he gradually felt, his genius qualified him. This again was in conformity with another famous English precedent; for Dickens, when he began *Pickwick*

¹ For spelling, see Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America*, p. 172.

in 1836, had little notion of anything beyond a comparatively short, satirical sketch by way of pot-boiler. So Irving, on first taking up his lonely pen for the renewed task, only by degrees realized his capacity of combining nervous idiomatic English with humor, racy of the New World's soil; of those qualities a more definite idea will presently be given. For the generation that first read the "Knickerbocker" history, an even greater attraction was their skilful blending with the best eighteenth-century English models, not only Irving's special favorite and master, Goldsmith, but at least in an equal degree, Addison. The *Spectator*, and in particular, the whole Sir Roger de Coverley collection, had brought the Anglo-Saxon world under the spell of Addison's genius.

This charm had not worn off within the earlier recollections of men who are now only middle-aged; throughout the first half of the nineteenth century he remained the one example of English, so pure and undefiled as to deserve the honor of a rendering into Latin prose. From Samuel Johnson to Jane Austen, thence to Thackeray and to the best of Dickens' *Household Words* writers, such as Grenville Murray and Andrew Halliday, Addison remains the one safe ideal; and this was the estimation in which he was held by the great nineteenth-century masters, Cardinal Newman alone excepted. Delicacy, precision, and correctness thus came to characterize American authorship in its beginnings. The coming years were to crown these qualities by the artistic grace and psychological subtlety of Marion Crawford and Henry James. But the Old World equivalents for these attractions, or rather, in an unsophisticated form, the essence of these beauties themselves, may all be discovered in the best American prose during the two or three

decades which followed the English evacuation of Boston and surrender at Saratoga.

"One always returns to one's first loves"; and the literary merit now named belongs to so many different periods that it suggests truly enough the singularly unbroken continuity of development in American letters from the novelists, Brodgen Brown (d. 1810) and Fenimore Cooper, who passed away in the same year as Washington Irving, in 1851, not only to Bret Harte and Mark Twain, but to the delightful Mr. P. Dooley and Jerome K. Jerome of our own day. The *Punch* humorists, beginning with Douglas Jerrold and perhaps even more the as yet imperfectly appreciated Shirley Brooks, continued thence to Sir Frank Burnand, Sir Owen Seaman, and Sir Henry Lucy, have of course made their different influence felt. But the family likeness of American fun persists unbrokenly from the Knickerbocker narrative to the latest successor of Artemus Ward.

Diedrich Knickerbocker, the personality assumed by Irving, is an eccentric old bachelor as well as a type of the decaying Dutch families that had so long and so pungently seasoned New York society; he and those about him constitute a blend of the imaginary with the real. See how he stands out on Irving's page, in the centre of his favorite company. "Over that council he presides with great state and solemnity, seated in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn from the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into an exact imitation of an eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, formerly presented to a Dutch Stadtholder on concluding a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. Here he would meditate on public af-

fairs in profound silence, often shutting his eyes for full two hours together, and periodically evincing his internal commotions by certain guttural sounds, said to be merely the noise of conflict between his contending doubts and opinions."

This medley of extravagance and sobriety, of reality and caricature, was introduced in Transatlantic letters, not by Irving, but by one nearly a century earlier, Benjamin Franklin. Born in 1706, this founder of the American press carried on in thought, language, and general style the journalistic tradition which, established by Jonathan Swift and closely followed by William Cobbett, explains historically many of those features in newspaper writing and management, spoken of as specially American, but long since quite acclimatized on this side of the Atlantic as well. It is not always easy to fix the point at which Swift's or Cobbett's sense passed into nonsense, or the nonsense again took on some serious meaning. This mutual interpenetration of the two elements characterizes all Franklin's best journalism, and became a newspaper fashion of the time, preserved to the present day. This kind of medley, with its artificial straining after the unexpected and the paradoxical, notwithstanding its British origin, was practically unknown to English readers till in 1866 Charles Farrar Browne, of Irish birth and American training, used it with widely popular effect under the pen-name of Artemus Ward. "We humorists of the far West," he said to the present writer, "can never pay our debt to our fathers and founders in the Old Country; without *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Drapier Letters*, and Swift's shorter pieces, such especially as his 'Advice to Servants,' there would have been no Yankee fun, any more than your own William Cobbett, if he had not read the *Tale of a*

Tub, in his efforts to produce a popular effect which so often had crossed the line from decency to blackguardism. The truth is," continued Artemus Ward, "the whole English-speaking and English-writing world is the product of the same influence." The pamphleteering of the seventeenth-century war between King and Parliament did not more certainly prepare the way for Defoe's political tracts than they did for Patrick Henry's Irish outbursts, and our own explosive essays, whose eighteenth-century vogue is partly due to Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, but quite as much a British as an American product.

That writer got hold of a real truth when he showed, or tried to do so, that in the Old World the stolid, resolute John Bull had replaced the seventeenth-century vivacious and versatile English, but that in the New, the Anglo-Saxon retains all the restless, fiery impulses of Elizabethan times. Harrison's Muse, nurtured on Churchill and Pope, opened a really national era in his poem "The Kegs." It exemplified, as nothing had yet done, the exact kind of modifications due to moral and mental as well as physical climate, which could not but be found in an American reproduction of a British original. Harrison's experiment is also the more interesting because he was among the earliest writers of the first rank to show anything but a sentimental respect for American literature. That literature had been in its beginnings created by Puritans of genius like Cotton and Mather, and till close on the nineteenth century exhaled not a little of the devotional feeling of Jonathan Edwards. From 1776 onwards the popular writers of the New World were eminently secular in thought and phrase. Not less than other things the Declaration of Independence coincided with a resolve to show the world that the Stars and

Stripes might use the language of Shakespeare, Byron, and Scott, but that they reserved their right to enlarge or reduce its vocabulary at will, and to adopt that spelling of their own which, then first seen, has continued to this day. Washington Irving, it was at the same time thought, had painted English life and character too much in oil. His successors took a new departure by presenting a portrait of John Bull, in vinegar. "Really a good-hearted, good-tempered fellow at bottom, he is fond of being in the midst of contention, always goes into a fight with alacrity, and comes out of it grumbling even when victorious." In the same vein are the comparisons, much of course to the Yankee advantage, drawn between the Anglo-Saxon on the two sides of the Atlantic by the already-mentioned Francis Hopkinson.

Even in these early days America was preparing for trans-oceanic export a literary novelty, often considered a special nineteenth- or twentieth-century growth. The short story is the meeting-ground of French, English, and American letters. It reached both from the United States. Edgar Allan Poe, (b. 1809) made the mid-nineteenth-century *Boisgobey* and *Gaboriau* possible, and became therefore the first writer in the English language whom French authors acknowledged, not only as their master, but their creator. Poe himself not only helped to make R. L. Stevenson; in return Stevenson crowned the services of his British predecessors to Poe's reputation by largely promoting in these later days a revived appreciation of his works in this country. Meanwhile the growing Anglo-Franco-American intellectual entente was marked in the States by none of the French or even English renewal of dramatic activity; though it was in an opera, whose very name has long been forgotten, that there

came the lines "Home, sweet home." Since then the American stage has inspired a tolerably constant supply of—not, however, distinguished—dramatists. Of these the least obscure, William Dunlop, has given his name to a society for the purpose of reviving and generally encouraging the literary nutriment of the Yankee stage.

French and English hands were constantly being joined by cosmopolitan belletrists from the United States, the most remarkable and versatile of the series being George Ticknor, the Harvard professor of whose social omniscience an idea will presently be given. The middle of the nineteenth century witnessed the fusion of intellectual London and Paris into a single society, consisting of only one set. This was largely due to the personal intimacy uniting Henry Reeve with Alexis Tocqueville, supplemented by the constant meetings on the Seine or on the Thames of Adolphe Thiers with A. W. Kinglake and Andrew Hayward. The Athenæum became almost an International club, with its nocturnal annexe in the defunct Cosmopolitan. Indeed, when the present writer had the honor of election to that little society in 1885, it was still known in every European capital not less than London, the paradise of the intelligent foreigner. Henry Irving's professional relations with the dramatist Sardou closed the international relationship. After Irving had passed away came Anatole France's still-remembered visit to what he called the native home of the novel, as Normandy was of the apple or Valencia of the orange. On this subject Anatole France was certain to show himself not less impartial than appreciative, for his fiction scarcely at all concerns itself with contemporary life,—unless indeed one may except his *Le Lys Rouge*, with its sketches of Verlaine and of the English residents, united only

by a taste for art during the second half of the last century. The author of *The Penguins* is not a romantic novelist, or he might have cared to show that the great romancists of his own country played their several parts in that romantic movement which brought together, or at different times confederated to the same end, the best brains and the brightest fancies of the European and even the American world. To this the Percy ballads were not less indispensable than had been Goethe himself, while Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann, critic, caricaturist, and musician as well as author, by the very extravagance of his prose fictions created amongst the masses a distaste for anything that savored of the classical, which our own Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth and Scott considered not less useful to the great reaction than any work of theirs or even the teaching and the practice of the Weimar sage himself.

Meanwhile the interchange of French and English residents between the two countries was having other results than those already mentioned, of not less novelty or significance. The *Paris Figaro*, the *Vie Parisienne*, and one or two other such sheets were making Paris rather than New York the real birthplace of the modern English society journal. Some fresh English writer, on the other hand, was now always winning a French vogue, such as had been acquired within the last few months by William Blake.

To a much earlier period than any yet recalled belong, however, the first beginnings or the informal preparations for the Anglo-French Entente that has grown into the Anglo-Franco Russian Alliance. In the Victorian era there was no such famous girls' school in Europe as Les Ruches, the Fontainebleau Pension kept by Mdle. Souvestre, and afterwards carried on by Mdle. Dussaut. It presented in all re-

spects a contrast to the earlier schools kept by private ladies or connected with convents from the middle of the eighteenth century onwards. Of those the best record is the *Jerningham Letters* and the already-mentioned Ticknor's reminiscences. To Ticknor, in passing, it may be said, the French diplomatist Chateaubriand in 1815 predicted that within half a century Europe would not have such a thing as a legitimate sovereign, but that from Russia to Sicily there would be nothing but military despotisms. The Anglo-Franco-American *rapprochement* showed itself almost as much in art as in letters and society. Throughout the eighteenth century French art indeed learned nothing from English and English little from French; even Gravelot, the great French draughtsman, who was much in England during this period, complained that he could teach us nothing. The nineteenth century witnessed a complete change. The Peace of Amlens made continental touring possible, and for the first time with the professional classes popular. France was now travelled and worked in not only by Turner, but a little earlier by Gortin and Crome, whose "Vision of the Boulevards" at once excited the interest of Parisian *ateliers*, and eventually made a triumphal progress through the provinces much as was done five and twenty years later in England by Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Another quarter of a century, and our own Constable's "Hay Wagon," exhibited in the French capital, secured the admiration, and day after day for weeks together the systematic study of Delacroix; this painter, if he did not exactly resemble his British idol of the brush, learned much from him, and was justly acclaimed in his own land the exponent of Constable's genius. The one French painter who modelled himself on the great English master

of landscape was Jules Dupré; Dupré's reproductions of nature in their blend of realism with romance were at once declared by the critics of his own country to have been inspired by the genius of Constable. Dupré also lived much in England in close intimacy with the members of the New Art Club. That example soon found followers among Dupré's compatriots, especially in Carolus Duran and Edouard Manet. Hence a great widening of the conventional limits by enlightened English amateurs. The welcome given to Anatole France on his London visit in the year before the war has been already mentioned, together with some of his words about the literary alliance uniting the two countries. "You English," he elsewhere said, "were romancists before we French, and Daudet's *Jack* would never have been written but for *David Copperfield*."

To Thomas Arnold first, and to his eldest son afterwards, is due the conventional estimate of Europe's obligations to Teutonic culture. The whole subject, however, has no popular interest. All that the English public knew concerning Germany was that

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the dramatist Kotzebue had done much towards corrupting English taste in *The Stranger*, and that Richard Cumberland, an English dramatist, had put whatever was good in it into *The Wheel of Fortune*. Two contemporary writers, whose works are now before us, have shown that the best, the most spiritual and energizing elements in the knowledge and thought of the Western world are not of Teutonic but of Slavonic growth. Mr. Zimmer's *Irish Element in Medieval Culture* and Mr. J. W. Mackail show that, after the old Greeks, none have ministered to the higher thought and spiritual interests with greater patience and nobler results than the Celtic teachers who redeemed the Western world of the Middle Ages from so much of darkness and degradation. Germany has called itself the world's musical school. Equally, however, is music a natural Slavonic gift. As regards the drama the Arts Theatre at Moscow has brought about a revolution in staging; and the Russian writer Pushkin has followed as successfully in Sir Walter Scott's footsteps as Alexander Dumas himself.

T. H. S. Escott.

THE MAN WHO SUCCEEDED.

When Allison Dunbar's last child was born, life and death came very near meeting each other in the gray stone farmhouse on the hill. The woman got on well enough—she was accustomed to having children—and the baby threw too at first, for all that it was so small; but Dunbar himself was ailing at the time, and if he lived to see his ninth child it was a miracle. Two women of the village watched by his bed all night, and were indeed more careful of him than of Allison in the room above. Dunbar occupied

the box-bed in the kitchen: it was warmer for him there, and the old-fashioned theory held good that where there was sickness there must be no air. The "trouble" was on his chest, wherefore the need of excluding air was more than ever imperative. The kitchen windows had hardly been opened since his illness began. A fire of coal and peat burned in the grate, and some children came in with a fearful tread, took a keek at the sick man, and went out again. The children's bedroom was the loft, as was

the fashion of their time and their country. Small though the house was, it received lodgers in summer-time, and the lodgers were all of the poorest class, for the fare was poor at Auchentinnie, and the house was poor too. Dunbar was in debt, and every year brought a new mouth to feed. Logle, the eldest son, sat in the chimney corner and thought about these things. Also he tried to imagine what he would do with his mother and the children if his father should die.

A message came from upstairs that he was to go for the doctor, and he pulled on his hard leather boots which stood by the hearth, and prepared to walk five miles across the hills to Tarbold, where Doctor Mellish lived. He supposed the doctor must be required for his mother, but she had done fine wanting him last time, and the call for help made him anxious.

The night was not dark, and he would be able to see his way by the footpath amongst the heather; but rain was falling, and the moon showed fitfully between dark clouds. He was as much afraid as a boy of sixteen years is who sets forth at midnight alone; but the place was fuller of fear to him than it might have been to many another, for it was peopled with wraiths and warlocks and other uncanny folk, whom everyone had seen from time to time, and in whose existence everyone believed.

He fetched his cap from a peg, and wrapped a red scarf about his throat. His father was breathing oddly, and there were uneasy movements in the room upstairs. The wind in the kitchen chimney made a strange moaning, and the breathing of the man on the bed was as the wind in the chimney. Outside, heavy drops of rain pattered on the broad leaves of kale in the garden with a noise almost as loud as though they fell on a slate roof. The moon hid herself behind a

cloud for a moment, but he could still see the outline of the loose stone dyke round the poor garden, and the little gate leading on to the soaked fields and the moorland beyond. He buttoned up his coat, but lingered at the door for a moment. The light from the uncurtained window upstairs shone upon the wet leaves of a rowan-tree near the house, and against the pane he could see the figures of the two women moving between the bed and the fire. Farther off he could see another light shining intermittently on the rough farm-track with its heavy pools of water, and he wondered where the light came from. It must be from the kitchen window where his father lay, but he had never known the light from the kitchen window shine so far. It shone fitfully, and then seemed to go out. But the light in the kitchen window had not gone out. It was there behind the red geraniums in the window. The light out in the road had moved away again, and now shone upon the moor.

He turned and went upstairs to the loft where the younger children were sleeping, and bent over a rough bed and shook his brother James by the shoulder.

"I'm awa' for the doctor," he said, "and you are to come wi' me."

"I'll no come," said James.

"Ye mon come."

"Are you feared?" questioned James in a whisper.

"No, I'm no feared, but you're to come."

"I'll no come," repeated the boy dourly.

Logie crept downstairs, and found his cousin Jeanie waiting for him at the foot of it. "What's wrang wi' ye, Logie?" said Jeanie.

"Sure as deith, Jeanie, I hae seen a corp-licht."

"Will it be for your father?" she said.

"I dinna ken."

"Lucky Home saw it the nicht her daughter died."

"I'm awa' for the doctor," he repeated.

"Will ye need to pass it?"

"It's oot by on the road."

"Logie, I'll gang wi' ye as far as the gate."

"It's gey and cauld," he said.

"I'm no heedln'."

"Pit your shawl on."

She was still in the dress she had worn all day. No one at Auchentinnle that night who was old enough to know anything about life and death had gone to bed and to sleep. The woman upstairs began to moan, and the boy and girl went down the broken pathway to the sagging wooden gate. Once she seized his arm, and he stopped, and said in a whisper, "Did you see anything?" "No," she said, "I saw nothing." But her eyes had been caught by the glare amongst the moss, and she held her breath for a moment after she had told her lie.

"Have you a staff, Logie?"

He showed her the stick he carried.

"It's an awfu' nicht."

"Gang back, Jeanie."

"No, I'll no gang back."

"The women will be wanting you, maybe."

"Eh, Logie," said she, "are we all going to see the morn or no?"

A woman's voice called softly from the house, and Jeanie ran up the path and disappeared into the square of light within the porch; and then the door closed upon her, and the only patches of brilliancy left were the glistening lights upon the wet leaves of the rowan-tree, and the broken square of lamplight behind the red geraniums in the kitchen.

The gate swung behind him, and Logie went off down the road. He set his eyes and his mind upon a small rift of light over the hills to the West,

for it was there between the hills that the road ran. The night was mysterious about him, but he did not know that; and life and death were mysterious, but he did not know that either. He feared his father was going to die, and he wondered how he would provide for his mother and the children who were left, and he feared the corp-light more than all beside, because it was no canny. The light was a message from someone called "they." "They" were telling him that a spirit would pass before the dawn. "They" knew these things which were beyond the ken of men. Many people had seen the light. Old people had been known to say to children and to the young, "It 'ull no tich ye," but all were afraid of it. All might hear thunder roaring and rumbling up the glen, and might see the lightning flash, and be undisturbed by it. But the light that appeared above the pools on the wet moor and danced and flickered down the road made the bravest heart tremble. There were mysterious "tappings" on windows, too, sometimes; and once, when the old laird died, the rats that haunted the wainscot marched with the sound of tramping men and left the house. Rats hate death, everyone hates it; it is a fearsome thing for a body to think of.

Logie had been well brought up. He knew the Bible as it is known in thousands of humble homes in Scotland. But the Bible told him about "appearances" as well as about faith. There was the witch of Endor—who could account for her? No one could dispute her existence; she was in the Bible. There were angels who had come and gone, unearthly visitants, hands that gripped and held, fingers that pointed to as yet undiscovered graves. He had known all these things since he was a boy. There were folk at the glen who had seen the Little People dancing on the green turf in the moonlight.

Second sight was common amongst some of the lonely dwellers across the hills. Lucky Home had seen the post-man appear to her with a great hole in his head, the night he fell over the edge of the old quarry and smashed his skull. Miss MacLean-up-at-the-Hoose had a vision of three coffins in a row the night that the young laird was drowned in Oban Bay. These were things to talk of in whispers. No one understood them; no one could attempt to explain them. "They" might even resent it if they heard such matters talked of aloud.

The moon came out again from under a scurrying wrack of cloud, and showed the dark outline of the hills and a glimmering of deep water in the hissing loch below. It shone splendidly for a few minutes, revealing the road in front of him—a long desolate track across the moor—and then the night closed in dark about him again and he turned for comfort to look back at the gray stone farmhouse in its poor garden, and saw that up in a wee bedroom in the roof someone had placed a tiny lamp.

"That 'ull be Jeanie," he said to himself.

The rain began to fall heavily. He felt his way by instinct rather than saw it. Now across his path there flashed a light more vivid than he had yet seen, and he knew he had to pass it on the lonely road. He dug his stick into the ground, and walked on. Once he came near greeting like a bairn through sheer terror. Almost he felt hands about his head, and in the sobbing wind he could hear solitary cries louder than those of the whaup as she calls above the moor, and louder than the piteous bleating of lambs who are lost far up on the hillside, louder than the cries of the weans who call for mither when they wake and are feared in the howe o' the nicht.

The experiences of the Scottish

peasantry are few. They live mostly on thoughts, and the practical world of facts, which scatters dreaming, hardly touches them. The minds of these men and women are younger than their years, except when fancy and imagination hold sway. In these they are far beyond the average man. The Lowlander can hold his own in argument—he reasons; but the Highlander knows.

Had the boy been of another faith he would have crossed himself. Logie plodded with even steps across the moor and up into the bosom of the hills. His heart was like melting wax within him, and his eyes were fixed upon the road. He buttoned his jacket tighter as the rain fell in copious showers.

Once, far away, he thought he heard a dog barking. He wished he had brought the collie with him. But dogs see more than men do; more than once he had had the collie come whimpering up to his heel when he himself saw nothing.

The wind dropped when he got into the shelter of the hills, and the rain, which heretofore had fallen steadily, resolved itself into a thick mist. There was a smur of rain like a fog over everything, and in it he stumbled on, still sure of his way, but beset by a horrible feeling of calamity.

There had been few expressions of affection between Dunbar and his children. Even now Logie was not saying that he loved his father, but merely that he meant to get the doctor in time for him. He must get to Doctor Mel-lish tramping steadily, till he reached Tarbold and knocked at his door. The doctor was a man of skill; but "they" knew better than the doctor. Well, at least his father would not pass out of this world alone. He had a feeling, shared by many with him in the glen, that the doctor goes halfway down the long valley with the soul that wears awa'.

The mist increased, and there was no wind at all. There were no voices now nor clutching hands; the silence was heavy and pressed in close, as darkness presses the ribs of those who wander in it. He could almost have asked for the crying voices now in the stupefying fog that surrounded him. Not a yard of pathway was visible before his face, but he found his way, as no doubt dogs find it, without consulting the stars. He trudged on in his stiff leather boots.

It was in a mist like this that the postman had lost his road, and fallen into the empty quarry. Logie was not afraid of missing the way, but he was horribly afraid of those who might take the message of his death to his mother in her dreams.

Only once again did a light dance in front of him. He knew by a power apart from reasoning that it was to the farm the message came—to the farm where something waited for his father.

He reached the doctor's house between midnight and the small lonely hour that follows upon it. He knocked at the door, and told his message, and the doctor's housekeeper bade him come ben and dry himself, and never questioned him about his walk, for she could see by his face that he was feared beyond telling. But she got him a cup of coffee, and he sat by the fire and drank it, and felt a grateful warmth steal through him, and a blessed courage flow into him with the drinking of the steaming coffee and milk.

He was to drive back in the gig with Doctor Mellish. The doctor had said to him, "You have come a far cry, Logie; I'll give you a lift back," and nothing more. Had he laid his hand on the boy's heart he might have wondered at its beating.

The road home was three miles

longer than the track across the hills. The doctor lighted his own gig-lamps, and harnessed a white horse between the shafts, while the housekeeper took down his Inverness cape from a peg in the passage, and laid it and his hat upon the table.

"Is it your father?" she said to Logie, who still sat by the fire.

"I'm no verra sure," he replied.

"It's no maw?" she asked anxiously.

"I ken it's baith," he answered.

There was no further explanation between them, but Elizabeth went out into the yard to warn the doctor.

It was for Alison's sake rather than for Dunbar's that he sent his horse so quickly forward. A man thinks of a woman in illness, and a woman thinks of a man. He went to the upstairs room first, knowing all was not well, but before he reached the door Dunbar called to him.

"Aye, aye, I am coming," said the doctor.

"It's death, I tell ye—come on," said the man in the kitchen.

The doctor turned back in the narrow stairway, and went to the kitchen, where he found him breathing his last breath.

That was a night of grief and doul in the farmhouse, and upstairs the doctor was telling a woman to keep up a brave heart and live for the sake of her children, and the two women about the bed were saying to her that there would be blithe-meat in the morning. For so it is in Scotland when a baby is born: there is a meagre feast in the mother's room, and neighbors come and eat and drink a little. It is a welcome to the new-comer, and they call this first feast "blithe-meat" in the Highlands.

Logie wanted to see his mother when he found that she was through her trouble, but Jeanie was fussy and important. She had been of some help during the night, and meant to keep

men-kind out of the room. But he crept in when he could, and sat beside his mother's bed, and heard her crying, and found no words to comfort her, being short of words, as at all times he was. She said to him that he must be father to her fatherless babe, and more a son than ever to herself.

When she had finished speaking he found his voice at last, and said, "It's an awfu' little ane this time, maw."

She roused herself at this, and turned almost fiercely upon him. "The bairn's fine," she said.

But it sickened, and died before many days were over, and then there followed a long gray winter in the farmhouse, when the snow lay about the door, and there was but little bread in the cupboard and no meat for growing children. But the place was clean and the Bible was a comfort.

In two years, and after a long struggle, the farm had to be given up, and Jeanie, who cooked for the family, and washed for them and tended the younger children, and sent them off to school in such clothes as only she and their mother knew the providing of, swept them into a smaller cottage one day, and cleaned and redd up that too, and then came to the grim-faced master of it, the boy of eighteen who wore always a frown upon his forehead and counted farthings as other men count gold, and said to him:

"It 'ull no do, Logie."

"What 'ull no do?"

"Your wages canna keep us."

He was earning wages then, a matter of fifteen shillings a week, as a joiner. The boy next him in age was delicate, and could bring in very little.

She twitted him with his unsuccess because her heart was so sore, and he bore it without a word because speech always came unready to him.

"I wadna stay and see your mother starve."

He drew his black brows together over his eyes, and looked mutely at her. She often cleared the ground with a few sharp words when she had something important to say.

"If you were getting three pounds a week in Canada you might be sending home something."

He turned the matter over in his mind slowly, spoke to Dr. Mellish about it, who promised to make inquiries.

The minister said he ought not to leave his mother; but Canada had got in with its insistent call before the minister spoke. She drowned other voices. There comes a fine morning when a boy says to himself, "I'm for the West!" and then there's no holding him. Logie had one pound a week to look forward to in Scotland until the time when he would be thirty, perhaps, and then he might earn a few more shillings and would have a wife and children to keep.

He was not alone in his departure. The world of to-day was outward bound. Doctor Mellish advanced him his passage money, and wished he were going too. Some men from Tarbold with a bit of siller in their pockets were leaving also. The emigration boat was full of men, all hopeful till the sea-sickness came on! They lay about on the decks, heedless of anything but their own sufferings. The women lay like corpses. The doctor came round with a bottle of brandy once and dosed them all, and that put a bit of heart into them, and they swore not so roundly that they were going back to England and would never leave it again. At the end of two days they were dancing on the decks, and some one had a concertina, and some one else beat on an old tray to give rhythm to the music, and food was eaten almost by the bucketful after the fast which had prevailed. Hope came back again. In the eve-

nings they sang songs, and the men laughed at the discomforts of the trip, feeling strong; and the women with their babies and their chattels looked Westward with set faces, and never dreamed of giving in. But it was an untried world in front of them, and who knows what sorrows—who knows what joys?

Work was what the men wanted, and they got plenty of it. Logie was tapped on the shoulder as soon as he reached the wharf, and offered a post in some ironworks near Montreal. An agent was down looking for men, and he collected fifty of them, of all nations upon the earth, and made them sign contracts and give their names. And he lost them all but twelve between the ship and the ironworks, and of these eleven were Italians and one was Logie Dunbar; the rest had been tempted away by higher wages offered by other agents, and never dreamed of sticking to their contracts. Some of them stayed at the docks and worked there. There was a ship unloading a cargo of onions, and a gang of men were wheeling up little boxes of them, two or three perhaps at a time, on small hand-barrows. All the men moved slowly; none of them shoved a weight heavier than a child could have managed. They were old hands, most of them, and meant to do as little as they possibly could for a day's wage. That ship's cargo was going to cost a considerable sum to unload.

Logie remarked to an Irish constable who stood on the wharf, "They are no going to hurry themselves."

"These men," said the Irish constable, "belong to a union which won't allow them to carry a man's burden or walk at a man's pace. They are going to make a success of Canada. You can see they mean to get on."

Logie's hands were itching to take hold of the handles of the barrows and "hurl" them and their ridiculous little

burdens up the wharf. But his train was starting, and he showed his indentures and his papers to an emigration officer and got into the train with some scores of other men, most of them bewildered, some of them rather cheeky. All of them were kindly dealt with: there were free breakfasts for everyone down at the sheds, and the men with families were offered facilities for giving the women and children a rest before faring forth, while the single men left more quickly on their journey.

The morning was brilliantly clear and bright, and the blue sky might have been apparent to some of the emigrants had they not been intent upon guarding their bundles and boxes. It seemed almost as though the more miserable were the possessions the greater care was taken of them. A bundle of rubbish sewed into an old hop-sack was believed by an elderly woman-emigrant to be coveted by everyone who passed it.

The foreigners had the worst of it, and were piteous in their attempts to make themselves understood, while being helped on every side with offers of words which they did not want. Their gesticulations became frenzied. In the babel of it all Logie lost his sense of individuality. The very way in which nothing was left to him to decide bewildered him. He felt that he was being taken in hand and did not know how to resent it, but when he submitted to it he did so with mental reservations. He was keeping his eyes open, and all the time he was thinking he could have managed all this much better than he saw it done, and at a future day he meant to point out to some one the right way to do it. In the meantime he submitted to being bossed, because in the near future he meant to boss somebody.

He couldn't do it in the ironworks, because he occupied a very subordinate

position there; but he submitted to that too because of the pay which was offered him, and because he knew he was in a good firm. He liked being connected with people of a Scottish name, with a Scottish foreman at the head of things. Some of the men in the works took but small interest in their job. They were, like the wharfmen who unloaded the onions, determined to do as little as they could and for the highest wages they might procure. In the evenings, when the day's work was over, they drank when they could afford to do so, or looked at moving pictures; and when they had no money they stood at street corners with their hands in their pockets and spat upon the pavement. They were generous when they had dollars to spend, and hospitable in the matter of offering drinks. Logie refused their hospitality, and earned a bad name for so doing; but drink fuddled his head, and he did not mean to be fuddled. He had one or two rows about it, but he thought, on the whole, even that was better than being fuddled, though, no doubt, he refused with more surliness than he need have shown. He was not popular in the ironworks, and when the chance came of better wages he left without regret, and was surprised that the foreman asked him to stay on, and furthermore gave him an excellent character. "Come back when you want anything to do," he said; "we never refuse a Scotchman."

He wanted more money, and said so, and the foreman told him where he could get it. There was a lot of railway building going on. Big loans were being floated in England, and where there was so much money about some part of it might fall to anyone's share.

"Go where there is money," said the foreman.

"If I had capital I could do better than some of them," said Logie.

"What's capital?" said the man.

"Money," he answered laconically.

"Man, have you got ten dollars?" said the foreman.

"Aye," said Logie, feeling in his pockets.

"That's capital," said the foreman. "Invest it."

He went hungry, and invested his ten dollars in a bit of land not much bigger than a chicken-run, which the owner had often tried to barter for a bottle of whisky. He meant to have land, and to have Canadian land, and he starved systematically in a country where appetites are keen in order to buy it; and when he had established sufficient credit he borrowed money and invested that too in the same way. Meanwhile his wages were rising. He sent home postal orders, and went without new clothes.

He did without everything that it is possible for a man to do without, and learned the one tremendous lesson which nearly every man who succeeds has got to learn at the outset—he learned to do without.

The particular knack required for doing without has to be learned long before the knack of acquiring. Also it is an infinitely harder lesson. Acquisition is comparatively easy.

Logie was learning to do without friends; he was learning to do without food, except that which is common and which supports life for the greatest number of hours on the smallest expenditure of coin; he wore clothes as nearly as possible in rags, and he lived a life of solitude because he believed that to be in the company of others meant spending money. He did not mean to spend money, and he did not intend anyone to know what he was having for dinner. He grew broad-shouldered on his coarse fare, and the trick of frowning remained with him, so that his two black eyebrows almost joined together above

his eyes. He was an ugly fellow although well-built, and he looked on at life dourly, and always knew that he could do things much better than they were done by those about him.

The inefficiency of the men's work filled him with a sense of irritation. In Canada men of many nationalities were doing sloppy, unworthy work, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied with it. He wondered at the want of anything like co-operation in employment—not the co-operation of profit-sharing, but the co-operation of the men who want work well done and of the men who mean to do it well. Always there seemed to him to be a tug between those who demanded high wages and frequently did their work indifferently,

(To be concluded.)

and those who gave wages reluctantly and who knew they were being badly served. Wage-earning under these circumstances seemed to him to be a mistake. He counted his money one day, and went and bought a pile of wood, unsawn, which he had seen for sale, and he carried it on a hand-cart because he had no team, and dumped it down in his chicken-yard, which no one before had ever wanted and which no one was ever likely to want, and he began to saw it into lengths and then to hawk it on his hand-cart round the town. His net takings on the first day amounted to two dollars—but that in summer weather. Folk would want more fuel when the winter came. He spent one dollar and kept the other.

S. Macnaughtan.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAR ON POETRY.

However perilous it may be to prophesy, there are one or two changes in both the spirit and the style of English verse which may with some safety be predicted as following on the close of the present conflict. One certainly can be reckoned on with little hesitancy. That spirit of introspection, of terrible doubt as to the real purpose of this world, that inward agony almost of the human soul as to its individual relations with its Creator which remains embodied for us in the verse of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," will almost surely pass. For the conflict there is between the fear created by the recent discoveries of science and the old transmitted faith of many generations of the just. Tennyson was not a great original thinker—is it necessary that a poet should be?—but he undoubtedly reflected more clearly than any poet that has ever written the very age and embodiment of the time.

It would perhaps be too narrow a criticism to make if one said "he was not for all time but for an age." Let us put it rather that, whether or not he was for all time, he was certainly for an age.

Now, broadly speaking, one might say that the Tennysonian appeal to the elect of his day was a very beautiful lament at what seemed the loss of faith. He exclaims:

And he, shall he,
Man, her last work, who seemed so
fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies
Who built him fanes of fruitless
prayer,

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

These verses raise the grand question which agitated the men and women of

his generation. Nor was he alone in voicing this receding of ancient faith as the greatest of problems, the one matter most important to mankind. Matthew Arnold, next to Tennyson the singer most in touch with his age, speaks in a well-known passage of the time when "Faith was at the full," and can hear only now its

Melancholy long withdrawing roar.

But now suddenly, though probably after long preparation, the whole of Europe is plunged into a struggle of which the issue is even now uncertain, and which for bloodshed, brutality and ghastly triumphs of chemistry is unparalleled in history. For the time at least no man has the leisure to examine his own soul in its relation to its Creator; he must be up and doing, rendering service not necessarily of a military kind, but service of some kind to an Empire which is seriously threatened. Then, in the Tennysonian day, it was possible to dream, and if the dream were a nightmare, still to dream. Now it is a time for the country to put its house in order, a process carried through always in England with no indecency of haste, and the more slowly the greater the immediate peril. But when this tremendous event has passed, with whatever issue, how will English poetry be affected, a possession no less dear than our military or naval glory? Personally the present writer's belief is that once the strident wave has hoarsely withdrawn, and gradually, and it must be most gradually, the human mind begins to resume a clear tranquillity, there will be, by that great force of reaction which

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keeps the earth stable, a return to the vision, and the gleam, to the light that never was on sea or land. To the old spiritual speculations which so vexed our forefathers? In a manner, yes, but with a bolder and more scientific momentum. One hates to use the words "psychic," "supernatural," "spiritualistic," yet this jargon must be temporarily employed. Suppose then this war to be, and there is some warrant for the supposition, the last rally and grand onrush of the powers of darkness and force against the earth, may it not be possible that this will be followed by a clearer light on these things that truly matter, the things of the spirit; that we shall largely by sheer reaction and defeat of force, gain some nearer insight into that world which, invisible though it be, both enwraps and controls this? It is not too much to suggest that we may after such noise clasp a more precious silence than before, that after such storm and wreckage we may gain a clearer sea and a more transparent deep. If this suggestion should at all prove to be true, and there will be many who will deride it, then a more wonderful poetry may be given to man than possibly in any previous age. Did not the French revolution give us that transcendent group of poets whom it is not necessary to name? And what was that shock compared to this? It is permissible to forecast an era of verse which shall be the deeper, the clearer and the more gentle because it has been born of such unexampled violence and such unparalleled life-waste.

Stephen Phillips.

GERMANY'S DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS.

BY A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

At first sight Germany's position appears to be most brilliant. The German newspapers are full of jubilation

as if Germany had already won the war. They speak of a peace which will leave Germany in the possession of

Belgium, of large parts of France, and of Poland. They discuss the amount of the indemnity which should be exacted from their defeated enemies, which, as that extorted from France in 1871, will cover considerably more than the actual cost of the war, and will therefore yield to Germany a considerable financial profit. It is true that, if we look at the military position from the German point of view, the Germans have every reason for jubilation. They occupy practically the whole of Belgium with its immense mineral and manufacturing resources. They occupy a large part of France with Lille, one of the principal manufacturing centres, and the great French coal district of the north-east. They occupy the larger part of Poland, the Russian Lancashire and Yorkshire, with the large town of Lodz, the Russian Manchester. Altogether the Germans occupy enemy territory peopled by approximately 20,000,000 inhabitants who are forced to work for Germany. Germany's economic resources are strengthened, and those of her opponents correspondingly weakened, by the transference of these immensely valuable manufacturing and mining centres from one side to the other.

If the Germans look into the future, they have apparently every reason to rejoice. The Belgian Army has almost disappeared. On the French front small encounters of no particular importance have taken place. On the Russian front, on the other hand, the Germans have effected a very great advance and Russia's resistance is apparently crumbling. The Russian Armies have retired from Galicia, and Lemberg, which was taken by them at the beginning of the war, seems to be threatened. Already the Germans are speaking of occupying Warsaw, the third largest town of Russia.

At the Dardanelles, as at the West-

ern front, things are very much as they were weeks ago. The British and French forces operating on the Gallipoli Peninsula are making very little progress. On all theatres of war things are stagnant, except in the East, where Germany has secured a great advance. Germans are already thinking of the transference of their victorious armies from the East to the West, where with their assistance they hope to secure a similar, or a greater, success. On the Italian frontier no great change has taken place. The Italians have advanced a few miles through difficult mountainous country, but in the opinion of the German Press they will presently be hurled back by the large Austro-German forces which will be liberated by their success against the Russians.

Kitchener's millions have hitherto not materially affected the course of the war. The German newspapers write with delight about the unpreparedness of the Army, about the inability of the British industries to provide the necessary weapons and ammunition, about the unwillingness of the English young men to serve their country, and about that of the English workers to produce military supplies. Last, but not least, we are told by the German Press that England's blockade has been a complete failure, that Germany has all the food and the raw material she may require, however long the war will last.

In business and in war it is always wise to disbelieve the emphatic assertions of one's most strenuous competitor. In the beginning of the blockade, when the Germans cried to Heaven that England inhumanely tried to starve German women and children, it was shown in the columns of *The Outlook* that German agricultural productivity was so great that there was no reason to anticipate a serious shortage of food, however long the war would

last. On the other hand, it was also shown that, in view of the enormous foreign trade of Germany and her great dependence upon foreign raw materials, she would earlier or later suffer acutely through the stoppage of her exports and imports. The moment when the blockade is beginning to tell has undoubtedly arrived. The fact that all the German papers proclaim its futility eloquently demonstrates its efficiency. Germany has no doubt sufficient coal, and she has through the occupation of the neighboring manufacturing centres all the machinery she requires; but she has not the raw material, and it cannot be doubted that the question of raw material gives her statesmen the very greatest anxiety. The blockade is no doubt becoming more and more efficient. She can no longer receive any supplies through Italy. Before long the position may be desperate. Germany's assertion that the English blockade is useless reminds one of ancient sieges when a starving garrison occasionally caused the besieging army to give up and retire by loading the last loaves and hams into the guns and bombarding the enemy with them, making him thus believe that there was an abundance of food in the fortress.

Italy and England have only begun the war. In the narrow theatre in which the Italian forces are operating only comparatively small numbers can be employed. The English troops have been scandalously unready, but before long large numbers will no doubt be available. Millions of fresh troops will meet the exhausted Germans, and by that time the Russians are likely to have recovered and to be advancing once more. After all, the number of able-bodied men in Germany and Austria-Hungary is limited. Russia, France, Italy, and the British Empire have together 700,000,000 inhabitants. Before long Germany will be starved

not only of raw materials, but also of men. That must be clear to all thinking Germans, their confident assertions notwithstanding.

The world has watched with horror the conduct of the German troops, or rather of the German authorities, for the troops are merely the tools of the Emperor and of his advisers. Germany has violated every law of Christianity and of humanity. By adopting the methods which even cannibals disdain, Germany has made herself an enemy of the human race. All nations dread a German victory, for it would be a victory of barbarism over civilization, of savagery over Christianity, of autocracy over democracy, of the German over the Latin, Slavonic, and Anglo-Saxon races. All neutral nations recognize that a German victory would enslave the world, that for their self-preservation the defeat of Germany is necessary. That consideration will no doubt cause other nations to join the Powers arrayed against Germany. Before long the Balkan States may be moving, and the United States may fling their weight into the balance. That is thoroughly understood in Germany, and naturally that event is much dreaded. The German campaign of cruelty and poisoning is bound to bring about its punishment. It was bound to revolt the world, and therefore it was strenuously opposed by some of the ablest and most far-seeing Germans, perhaps not for reasons of humanity, but certainly for reasons of expediency. The entrance of America into the struggle would no doubt affect very greatly the result of the war.

The United States have an excellent Navy, but a small and almost negligible Army, a mere police force. However, in case of need they can raise large armies, as they have shown in the Civil War. The United States would make an excellent recruiting

field for the Allies, and financially and industrially the United States could render assistance of inestimable value. Naturally, most Americans do not wish to participate in an unnecessary war. However, they recognize that Germany's hegemony in Europe would threaten themselves, that Germany requires ample outlets in a temperate zone, that Germany's victory would inevitably lead to an attempt on her part to dominate not merely Europe, but the world, that South America, that the Monroe doctrine, that the Panama Canal, and that the United States themselves would be threatened, that for racial reasons alone America and England must stand shoulder to shoulder, that both are equally interested in preserving democracy and liberty against militarism and absolutism, represented by Germany. These are the thoughts of many leading Germans. They see the power of America looming on the horizon, and they are desperately anxious to make a peace,

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almost any kind of peace, before the slow-moving democracy has joined in the struggle.

Germany fills so much the stage of the world that the existence of Austria-Hungary and Turkey is almost forgotten. These countries cause profound anxiety to all thinking Germans. Disunited and poverty-stricken Austria-Hungary and desperate Turkey know that their hour has come. Austria-Hungary and Turkey are crying to Germany for aid. But Germany has her hands full. Before long the exhaustion of the Dual Monarchy and of Turkey may become apparent. The growing danger induces the German Press to raise hysterical cries of victory. The German garrison is throwing the last sausage at the besiegers outside the walls. Germany cannot win. Germany must not win. Germany will not win! A concentrated effort, patience, endurance, and faith in the ultimate issue will bring victory to the Allies.

*if Germany wins
good by peace*

WAYS AND MEANS.

The biggest fact revealed by Mr. Asquith's speech in asking for the Vote of Credit was that the Government is now spending at the rate of a thousand million pounds a year; a sum more likely to grow than to decrease. There is in the country, as in the House of Commons, no hesitation in voting this huge expenditure, and any necessary addition to it. But we have to make good our votes by actually finding the money, and it is important that every one of us should realize how this has got to be done.

We have lately been consuming in this country in time of peace, merely for our living year by year, something like two thousand million pounds' worth of commodities and services—in

food and fuel and clothes; in houses and repairs; in transport and communication; in the personal attendance of servants and professionals, and of those who wait upon our holidays and other pleasures; in new motor-cars and jewelry, and, in fact, all the infinitely varied items of expenditure, individual or governmental. To this total consumption the Government, with our cordial approval, has now added no less than 50 per cent. The Government, with its three or four million men under arms, and as many more working solely to keep them supplied, is now spending day by day actually half as much as the whole forty-six millions of us were spending day by day last year. Normally, we produce year by year—either directly

£1,000,000,000
£5,000,000,000

or by making goods to exchange—all the commodities and services that we consume or use, and 10 to 15 per cent more—this surplus representing our annual "savings," or new investments, of two to three hundred millions sterling. We are now producing considerably less in the aggregate, owing to the diversion of so many men from productive industry and the dislocation of so much of our business. We must go on importing even more than ever, and we have fewer exports to send in exchange. How, then, can we find the three million pounds' worth of commodities that the Government must each day obtain? The answer is that, except for certain quite limited resources, there is only one way, and that is for the whole nation to diminish its private consumption. We must, in substance, pay for the war by our personal abstinence from expenditure, in order that our savings may be available, whether as loans or as taxes, to keep the Army and Navy going.

We have, it is true, as our first resource our normal annual surplus of production over consumption, the annual savings that we put into new mills and machinery, railways, and houses all over the world. These two or three hundred millions—the Treasury having wisely stopped all but the absolutely necessary new capital issues—we are already lending to the Government in one or other form, often without being aware of it. As our second resource we can, it is suggested, draw upon our accumulations, realize part of our immense invested wealth, or, at any rate, borrow on our still unrivalled national credit. Unfortunately, as we now have to learn, this, in a world war, is to a great extent an illusion. Our "investments" are of no use in this emergency—seeing that they are not in themselves food or shells or rifles—except as

things to sell or pledge to other nations as a means of getting more of these indispensable commodities into the country. Now it is practically only in the United States that there are people who can, to any appreciable amount, buy our securities or make us loans, and even here the limit is very quickly reached. There are, indeed, signs that it is already close at hand. In these days every nation needs every penny of its own wealth. We can, in fact, look only to our own personal abstinence from consumption, each in his own degree, for finding during the coming year at least five hundred million pounds to carry on the war.

Fortunately our resources in this way are extensive, if we can only be induced to take advantage of them. We have hitherto been, as a nation, the most lavish in our living of any on the earth, except, perhaps, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, to whom we have set an extravagant example. In alcoholic and other artificial drinks, in luxurious and expensive foodstuffs, in costly and unnecessary clothes, in new motor-cars and petrol for pleasure riding, in tobacco, in a quite absurd multiplication of domestic servants, in the ministrations of hundreds of thousands of men and women kept to amuse us, or to enable us to enjoy unduly prolonged holidays, we spend, in the aggregate, many hundreds of millions—far more than any other nation in Europe. It is a weakness common to all classes. The poor are, in their degree, often quite as extravagant as the wealthy. Even educated people still secretly believe that "spending money is good for trade" and that they are in some mysterious way warranted and justified in spending on themselves and their families—perhaps subject to a conventional modicum for charities and prudential savings—just whatever

incomes they happen to possess. Scarcely one in a thousand realizes that every man is finally answerable not for "living within his income," but actually for the amount of the consumption that he commands *for his own pleasure or caprice* (whether consumption by himself or others), quite irrespective of whether the cost was within his income or not. It is not that the inordinate consumption is usually in forms that are in themselves anti-social or immoral. In so far as they are unnecessary for the fullest individual efficiency in the service of the community they anyhow impoverish the State. At the present crisis anything but the simplest living and the most rigid personal economy is, *whatever the income*, virtually an act of treason.

At the beginning of the war we were all naturally afraid that any diminution of our personal expenditure might cause unemployment, and the Government, not unreasonably, began to propose an actual expansion of municipal expenditure to keep up the aggregate demand for labor. But now the Government is itself providing employment for every available person, and it becomes a positive duty in us to set as many persons as possible free for such Government service. They cannot at the same time produce for the Army and Navy and for our personal enjoyment. If we virtually give them orders to work for us, as we still have it in our power to do by spending our incomes, we are preventing these persons from working for the Government. Every pound that we spend on anything that can be avoided without diminishing personal efficiency means a diversion from the purpose in hand. Every pound that we save—all savings now go, directly or indirectly, practically to the Government—means another person feeding the Army or making shells.

How can this be brought home to the nation? The complete prohibition of alcohol during the continuance of the war might have been a very valuable measure of national economy—though it was never, of course, presented in this light—and would probably have met with far less opposition than Mr. Lloyd George's half-hearted and abortive scheme had to face. We may yet have to resort to it; but in the meantime expenditure upon alcoholic drink is still going on, and provides an enormous field for personal economy. The daily purchases of new motor-cars and the expenditure on petrol and chauffeurs for purely pleasure riding continue almost undiminished. No nobleman's park has been ploughed up since the war began, in order to diminish our dependence on imported wheat. Yet it is a universal obligation under which we have come—an obligation which will presently have to be embodied in law if we do not voluntarily respond with sufficient alacrity. In this need for abstinence and saving we can all do our share, even the poorest of us, by avoiding waste. It is, however, important to notice that, so far as at least a quarter of the population is concerned, any true thrift means not saving, but more expenditure on the baby's milk, the child's food, house room, and recreative leisure for the hard-driven mother. Indeed, the whole additional saving for the year that could wisely, or even conceivably, be got out of the entire wage-earning class—it must be got out of them, for the nation will need it—would not keep the present Treasury expenditure going for a month. In the main, it is necessarily to the savings of the middle and upper classes—the one-fifth of the population which takes three-fifths of the total annual product—that we must look for the sinews of war.

We can see only three lines of action. There ought to be the strongest possible appeal, to rich and poor alike, to *economize in expenditure*, especially in meat and alcohol, in motor-cars and petrol, in tobacco and tea, in servants and great houses, in travelling and amusements, and in anything that comes from abroad. Why should not Mr. Asquith, as Prime Minister, make this appeal, going into some detail as to the desirable economies for the several grades of income, and arranging systematically for its enforcement by every newspaper, from every pulpit, in every school and college, and by every legislator in his own constituency? Example, be it not forgotten, will be even more potent than precept. In the second place, we want a great deal more advertisement and development of the *facilities for saving*. Why does not the Post Office, which is, after all, the State Department for saving, come forward with all sorts of new expedients, shedding its silly restrictions, boldly advertising its opportunities, making all its quarter of a million employees into soliciting agents, continuously selling not only life assurance and annuities, but also Consols and War Loan scrip in one pound units over the counter of every post office, opening a receiving office next to every wage-paying wicket, stimulating every school savings bank—there are still actually schools not yet equipped with them—and putting as much energy and resourcefulness into the business of tapping the savings of each class, from the lowest to the highest, as the industrial and other

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life insurance offices do? What a mistake Mr. McKenna will make if he issues the next War Loan only to the wealthy, instead of ignoring the bankers' prejudices and appealing to all the ten million households of the United Kingdom each to take up its bit, however small, even down to a single pound. The third course, and it is this, after all, on which we shall have to place our main reliance, is *taxation*. We ought to look forward in the Budget that must be forthcoming in the autumn to the levying of at least three hundred millions in additional taxation, including (a) a surtax of 50 per cent on the amount by which any business income for 1914-15 exceeded the average of the three preceding years; (b) whatever addition to the duties on alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and tea is possible consistently with maintaining the revenue; (c) such an addition to the duties on motor-cars used by private persons, men servants, race-horses, and dogs, and such new duties on private yachts, shootings and fishings let for rent, and any third house in anybody's occupation, as would put a stigma on such personal expenditure at the present time; (d) a further doubling of the income tax and super-tax; and (e) a trebling of all the death duties, possibly with a further abatement on small estates, and suitable concessions where the death has occurred on active service. If Mr. McKenna wishes, as we have no doubt he does, to stimulate personal economy, let him in the matter of taxation take his courage in both hands.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Daisy Rhodes Campbell deserves thanks for the title of her "The Proving of Virginia" for it re-

minds the most careless reader that "prove," as a law term is really derived from the Scriptural "prove," "to

test," and also exposes the fallacy in the ordinary interpretation of the undeniable commonplace "The exception proves the rule." Virginia is proved by good fortune and bad, by success and by apparent failure, and is always shown to be pure gold. The story abounds with innocent fun dashed with sufficient seriousness for the edification of the young reader and the satisfaction of the censorious who are not "quite sure that reading stories is good for Mary Jane." Students weary of setting "Busy" upon their doors may find relief in inscribing, in verse form, "Please don't rap, Or else I'll scrap. Keep out of here, Or I'll break a cheer, Over your head!" Virginia smiles on jacket and cover with a red rose in her hair wooing the readers of "The Fiddling Girl" to learn more about her. The Page Company.

Small, Maynard & Co. publish in the "Welfare Series" a volume entitled "The Field of Social Service" edited by Philip Davis, in collaboration with Maida Herman, in which are grouped no less than twenty practical papers by recognized authorities and experts in various departments of social activity. Robert A. Woods, of the South End House, Boston, opens with a paper on "The Great Watchwords of Social Work"; Jeffrey R. Brackett, of the Boston School for Social Workers, writes of "The Community and the Citizen"; and these papers on the general aspects of the subject are followed by discussions of The Housing Problem, Fire Prevention, Health and Medical Social Service, Playgrounds, Recreation, The New Immigration, Industrial Problems, Child Labor Reform, The School and the Community, the Vocational Movement in Education, Juvenile Delinquency, Public and Private Relief, Social Settlement Work, Child Caring, Organization of

Charity, the Church and Social Service, Religion and Social Service, and these by supplementary chapters on salaried positions and opportunities for training. This enumeration of subjects serves to show the scope of the volume, and the editors, as has been intimated, have been fortunate in securing a person of large practical experience to treat each department. The result is a handbook at once up-to-date and of permanent value. There are a dozen illustrations from photographs.

Kestner of the Secret Service, whose office is under his hat and whose home is all Europe, is the hero of Mr. Arthur Stringer's "The Hand of Peril," and a very agreeable person he is for an ally. For his enemies, Italian, German or French, he is a person very heartily to be hated, and the story of his relations with them and of their very remarkable ending is as absorbing as if the most audacious of Frenchmen had written it. Its style is good, too; far better than it would have been a few years ago, when Mr. Stringer had not quite decided what species of novel best suited his abilities. The heroine is a beautiful thief and forger, and the daughter of a black-mailer, and under her guidance the reader sees things generally hidden from the visitor to Palermo and Paris, and learns how wicked a metropolis may be, even in virtuous America. The comic thief with a vocabulary of sorts, is also offered for his consideration, and he must be hard to please, if he be not delighted with the good and bad company presented to him. The manner in which Mr. Stringer brings about the heroine's complete reformation is as summary as it is effectual. "The Hand of Peril" would give a metropolitan flavor to the Adirondacks and console a passenger enduring the roughest of Atlantic voyages. The Macmillan Company.

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